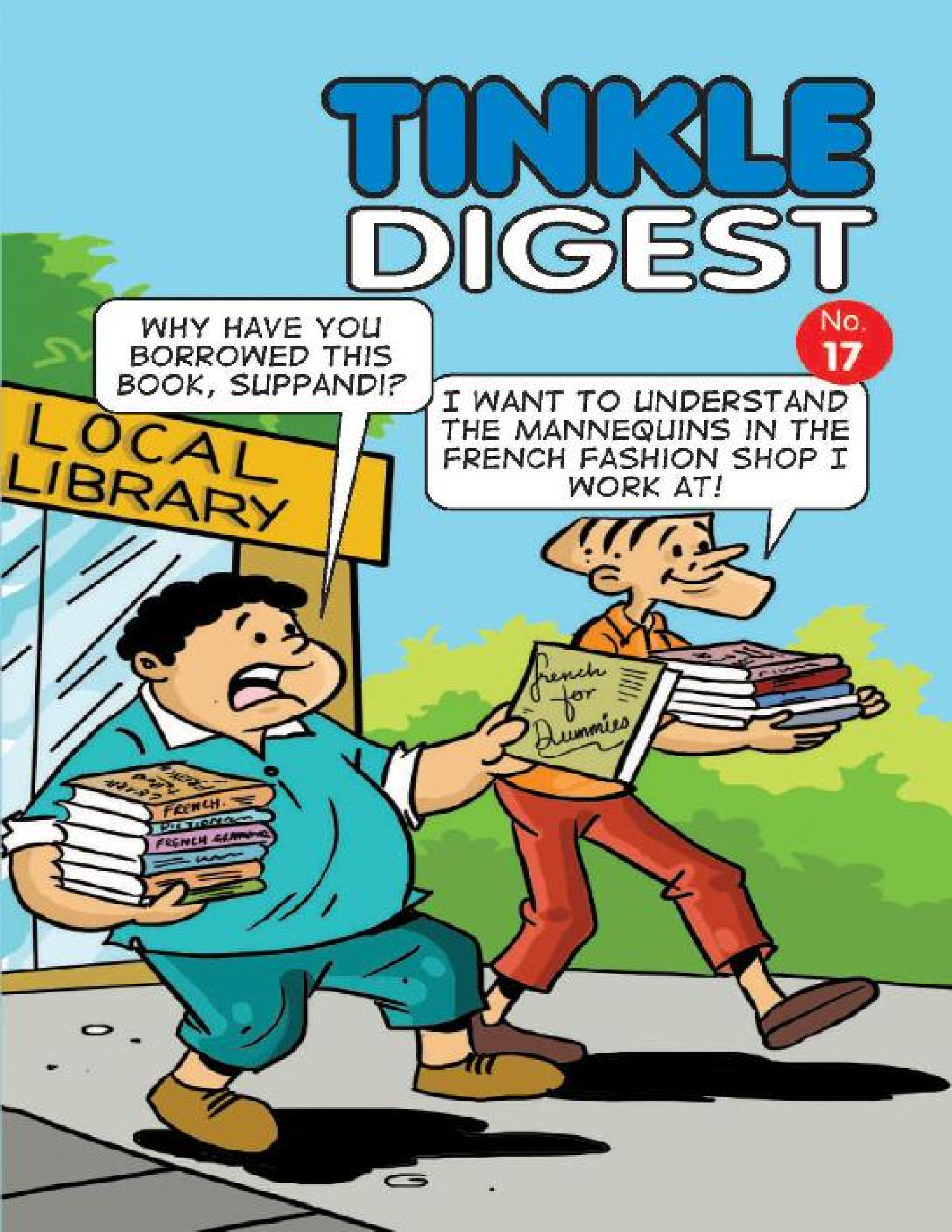
TINKLE DIGEST

No. 17



No. 17

TINKLE DIGEST

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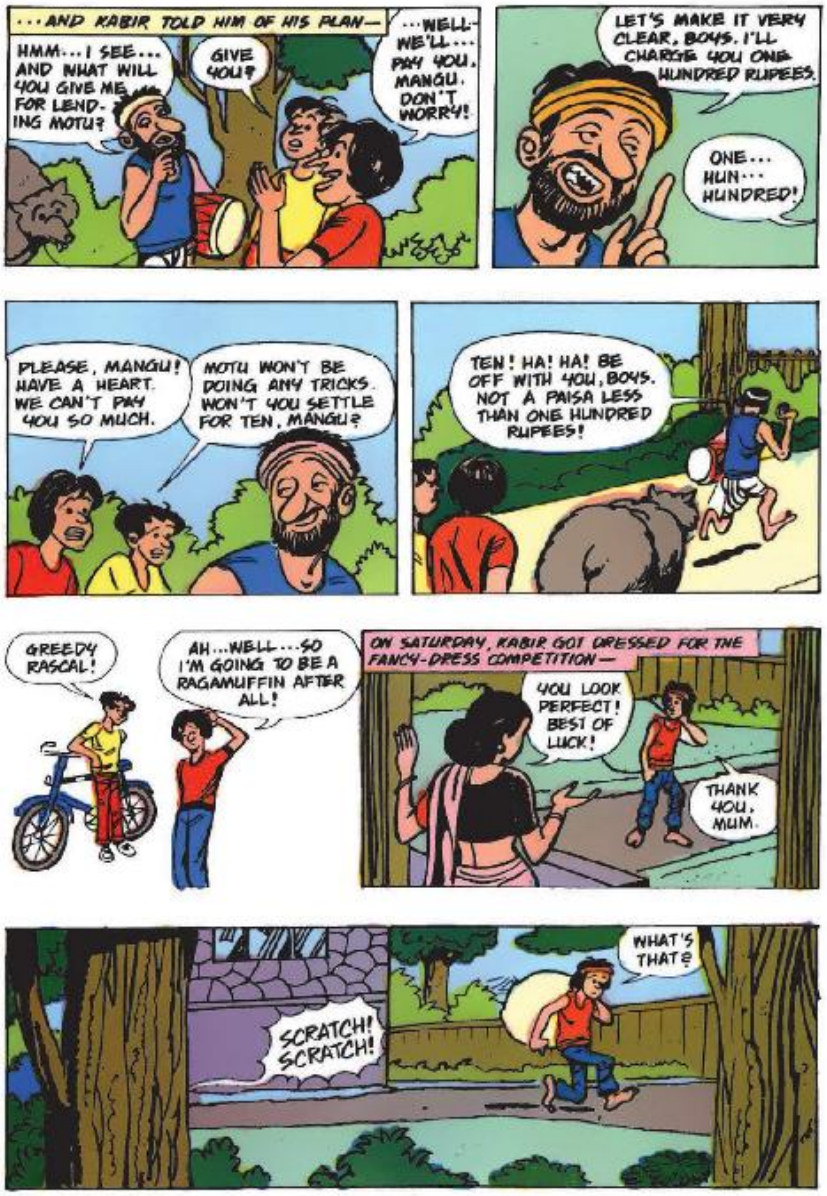
THE FANCY DRESS

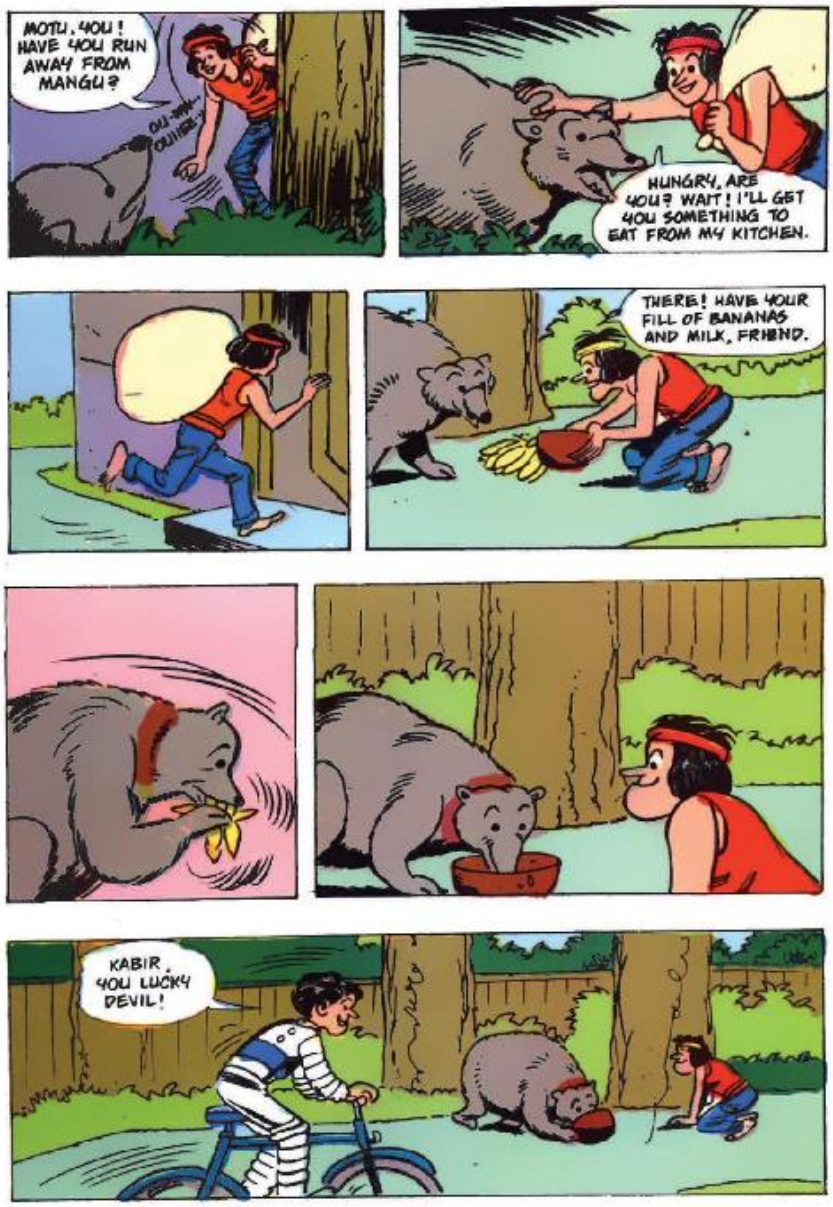
Story: Rupa Gupta
Script: Meera Ugra
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

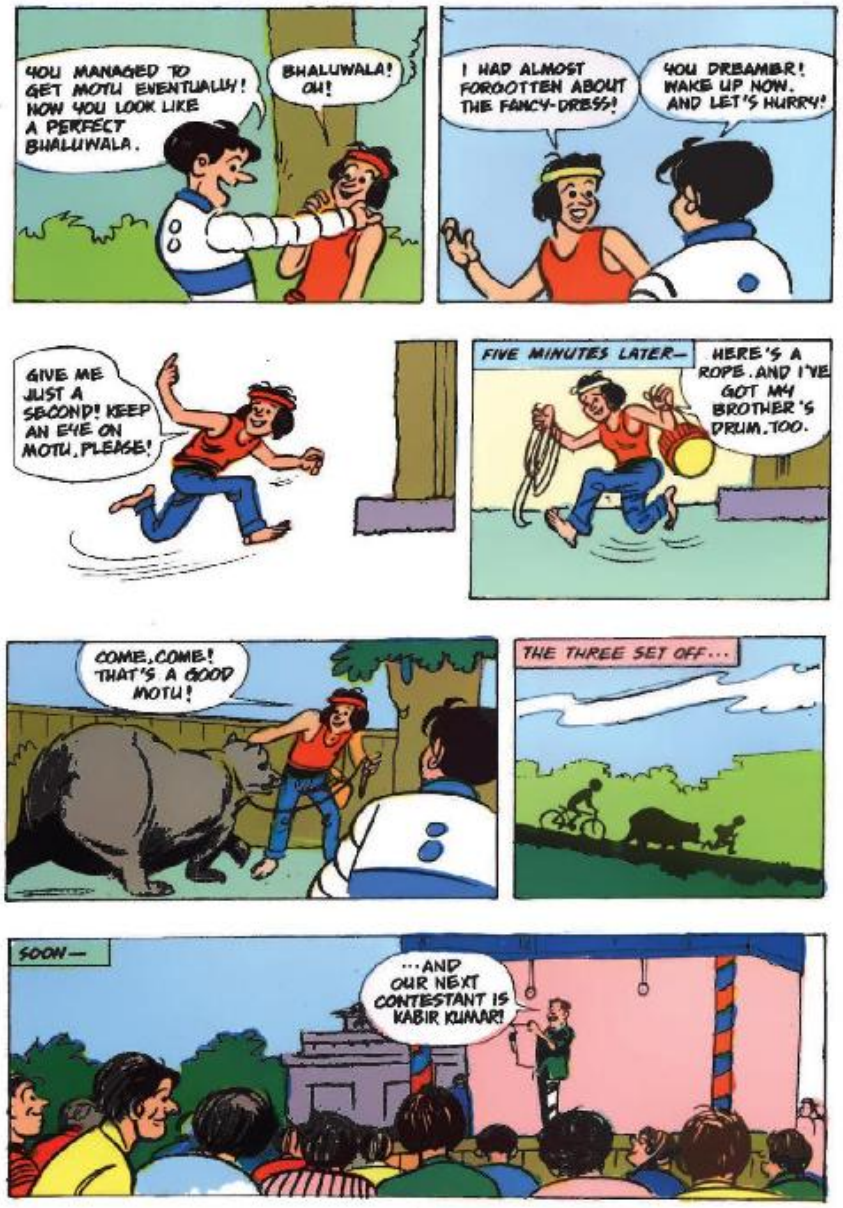
This story won the Third Prize in the Tinkle Original Story Competition

SOME THINGS ARE STILL FREE — A RIDE ON MY BIKE, FOR INSTANCE...
HA! HA!
HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON?
WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH.
SO, THIS IS WHY EVERYONE IS SO EXCITED!
ANAND MELA AT SUHAS PARK ON SATURDAY 15.12.84
ANAND MELA AT SUHAS PARK ON SATURDAY
FUN! GAMES!! FANCY-DRESS COMPETITION!!! Rs.500/- TO BE WON! COME ONE! COME ALL!
AHA! LOOK AT THIS!
KABIR, ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I AM THINKING?
YES, PAL! BUT WHAT SHALL WE DRESS UP AS?
I'LL BE A SPACEMAN. MY UNCLE BROUGHT ME A MOCK SPACE-SUIT LAST MONTH.
AND I... PERHAPS I'LL BE A RAGAMUFFIN MAN...
...THOUGH I WISH I COULD THINK OF SOMETHING MORE ORIGINAL... AHA! I'VE GOT IT!
TELL ME!

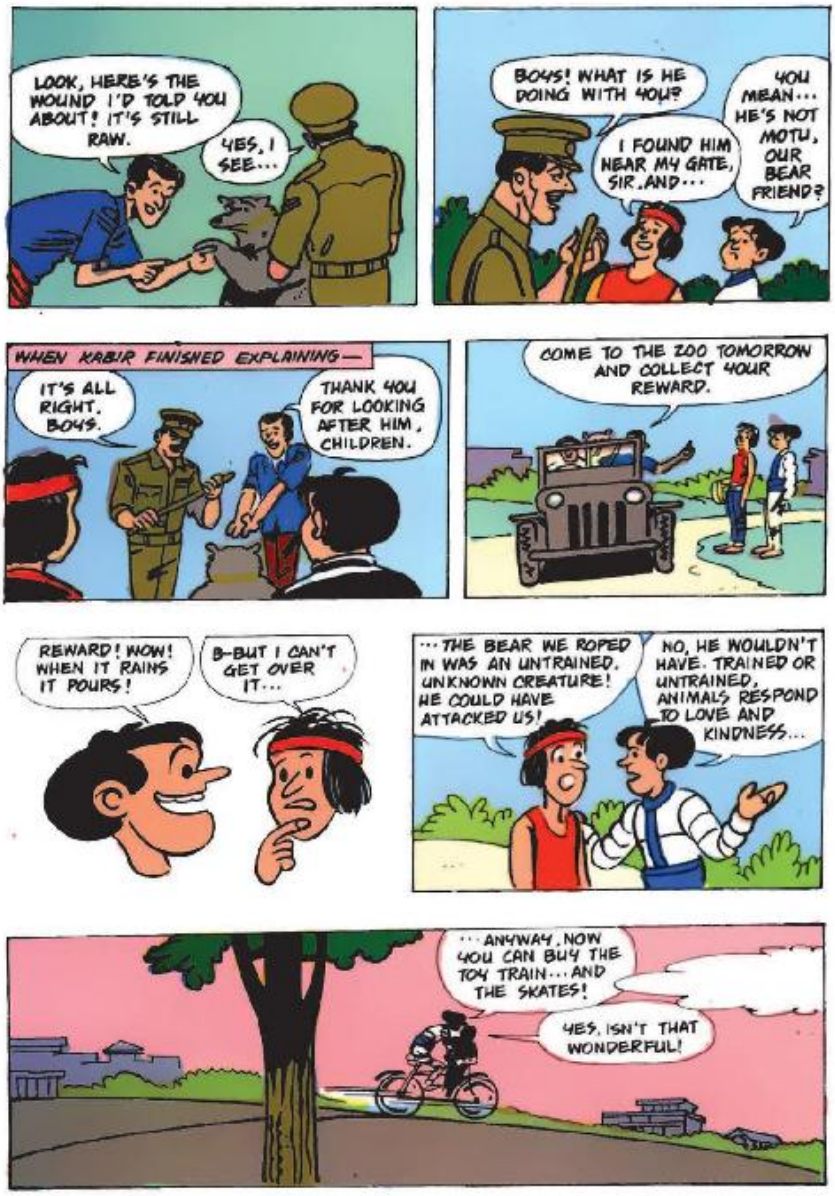
LOOK!
WHY, THAT'S OUR GOOD OLD MOTU AND HIS MASTER, MANGU!
THAT'S THE IDEA! I'LL DRESS UP AS MANGU, THE BHALLIWALA.
EXCELLENT! LET'S ASK HIM TO LEND MOTU TO US.
MOTU! MOTU!
HERE! HAVE SOME GUAVAS!
SO HOW ARE YOU, DEAR MOTU?
MANGU, WILL YOU LEND MOTU TO US FOR TWO HOURS ON SATURDAY?
WHY? WHAT DO YOU WANT HIM FOR?
NOTHING MUCH. I WANT TO TAKE PART IN THE FANCY-DRESS COMPETITION...


...AND KABIR TOLD HIM OF HIS PLAN—
HMM...I SEE... AND WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR LENDING MOTU?
GIVE YOU?
...WELL-WE'LL... PAY YOU, MANGU. DON'T WORRY!
LET'S MAKE IT VERY CLEAR, BOYS. I'LL CHARGE YOU ONE HUNDRED RUPEES.
ONE... HUN... HUNDRED!
PLEASE, MANGU! HAVE A HEART. WE CAN'T PAY YOU SO MUCH.
MOTU WON'T BE DOING ANY TRICKS. WON'T YOU SETTLE FOR TEN, MANGU?
TEN! HA! HA! BE OFF WITH YOU, BOYS. NOT A PAISA LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED RUPEES!
GREEDY RASCAL!
AH...WELL...SO I'M GOING TO BE A RAGAMUFFIN AFTER ALL!
ON SATURDAY, KABIR GOT DRESSED FOR THE FANCY-DRESS COMPETITION—
YOU LOOK PERFECT! BEST OF LUCK!
THANK YOU, MUM.
WHAT'S THAT?
SCRATCH! SCRATCH!


MOTU, YOU! HAVE YOU RUN AWAY FROM MANGU?
OU-WW-OUIIEE!
HUNGRY, ARE YOU? WAIT! I'LL GET YOU SOMETHING TO EAT FROM MY KITCHEN.
THERE! HAVE YOUR FILL OF BANANAS AND MILK, FRIEND.
KABIR, YOU LUCKY DEVIL!


YOU MANAGED TO GET MOTU EVENTUALLY! NOW YOU LOOK LIKE A PERFECT BHALUWALA.
BHALUWALA! OH!
I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE FANCY-DRESS!
YOU DREAMER! WAKE UP NOW. AND LET'S HURRY!
GIVE ME JUST A SECOND! KEEP AN EYE ON MOTU, PLEASE!
FIVE MINUTES LATER—
HERE'S A ROPE. AND I'VE GOT MY BROTHER'S DRUM, TOO.
COME, COME! THAT'S A GOOD MOTU!
THE THREE SET OFF...
SOON—
...AND OUR NEXT CONTESTANT IS KABIR KUMAR!

WOW!
EXCELLENT!
DUM DUM DUM
CLAP CLAP
AND WHEN THE PRIZES WERE ANNOUNCED—
THE FIRST PRIZE GOES TO···KABIR KUMAR!
HURRAH!
LATER—
DIDN'T I TELL YOU, YOU'D WIN A PRIZE?
ALL THANKS TO MOTU!
SUDDENLY—
SCREECH!
THERE, SIR! THAT'S RAJU!
?!
?!
HOW CAN YOU BE SO SURE? IT COULD BE THEIR BEAR.
I CAN RECOGNISE RAJU, SIR.

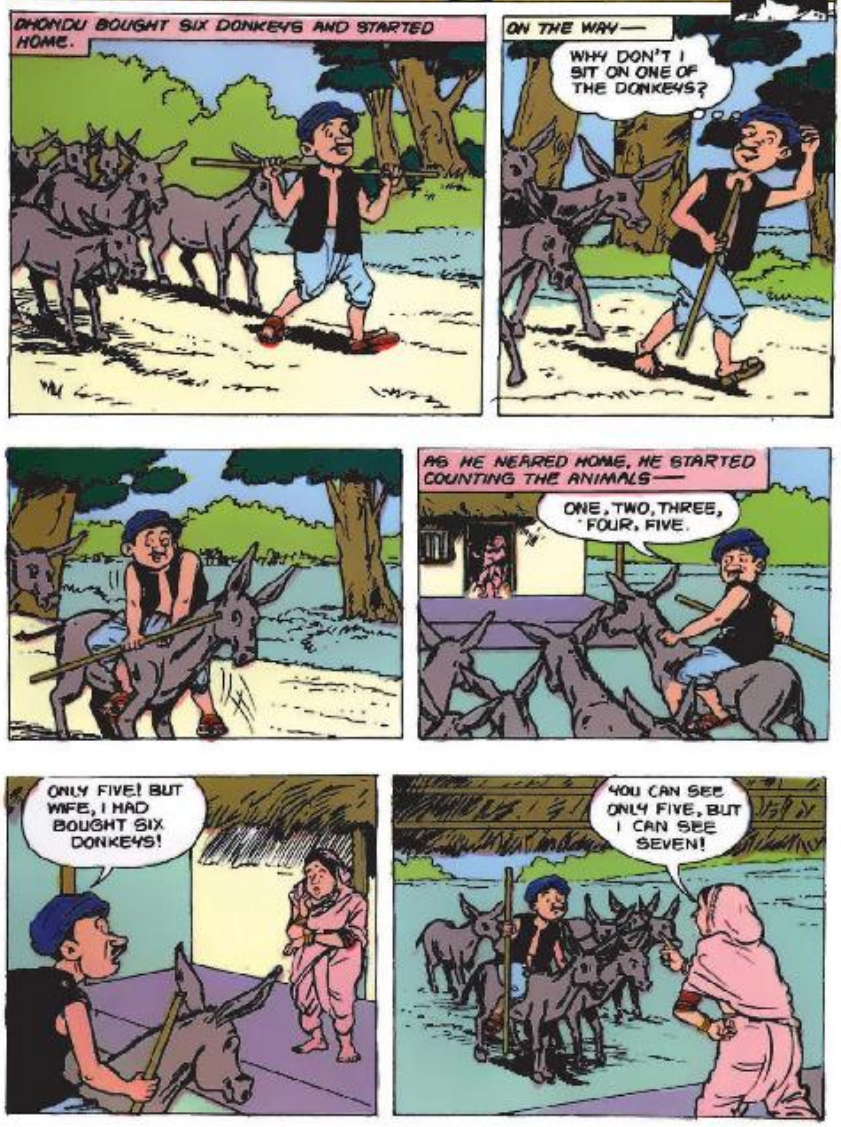

LOOK, HERE'S THE WOUND I'D TOLD YOU ABOUT! IT'S STILL RAW.
YES, I SEE...
BOYS! WHAT IS HE DOING WITH YOU?
I FOUND HIM NEAR MY GATE, SIR. AND...
YOU MEAN... HE'S NOT MOTU, OUR BEAR FRIEND?
WHEN KABIR FINISHED EXPLAINING—
IT'S ALL RIGHT, BOYS.
THANK YOU FOR LOOKING AFTER HIM, CHILDREN.
COME TO THE ZOO TOMORROW AND COLLECT YOUR REWARD.
REWARD! WOW! WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS!
B-BUT I CAN'T GET OVER IT...
...THE BEAR WE ROPED IN WAS AN UNTRAINED, UNKNOWN CREATURE! HE COULD HAVE ATTACKED US!
NO, HE WOULDN'T HAVE. TRAINED OR UNTRAINED, ANIMALS RESPOND TO LOVE AND KINDNESS...
...ANYWAY, NOW YOU CAN BUY THE TOY TRAIN... AND THE SKATES!
YES, ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL!

THE SEVENTH DONKEY

Illustrations : Ashok Dongre

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by Gino-e-Adhikaram, Trivandrum



Readers' Choice

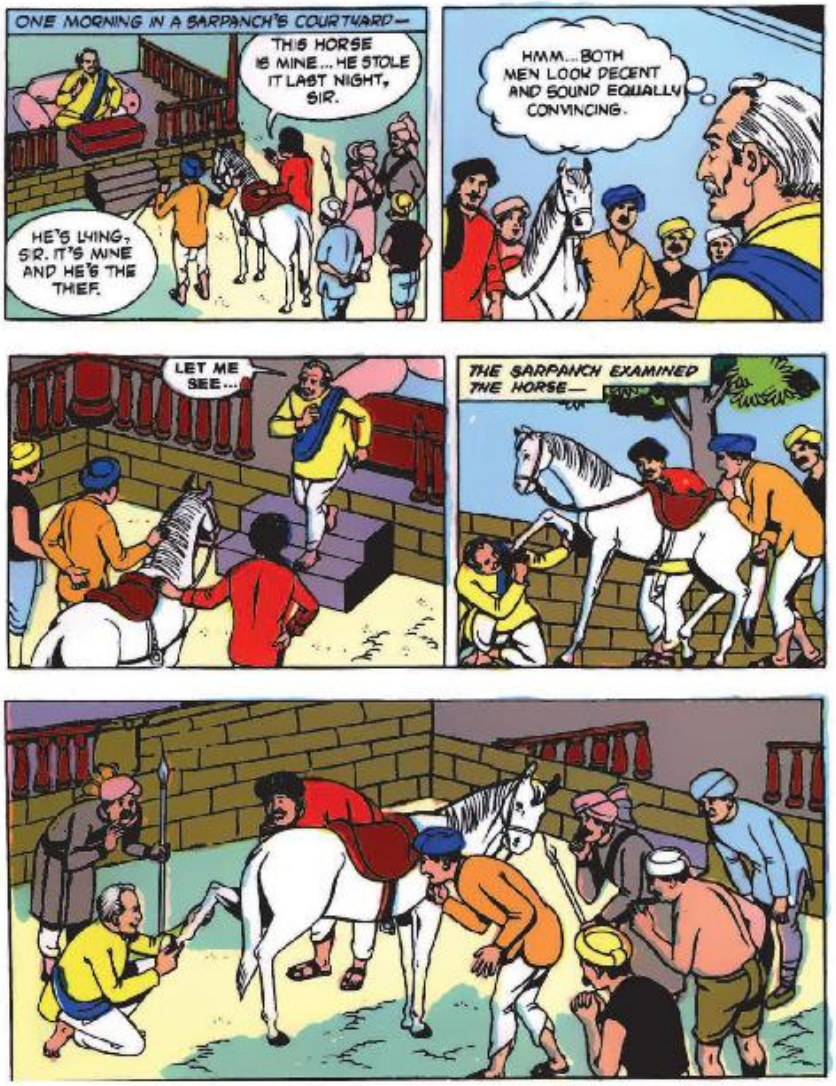
BINOCULARS BRING YOU CLOSER

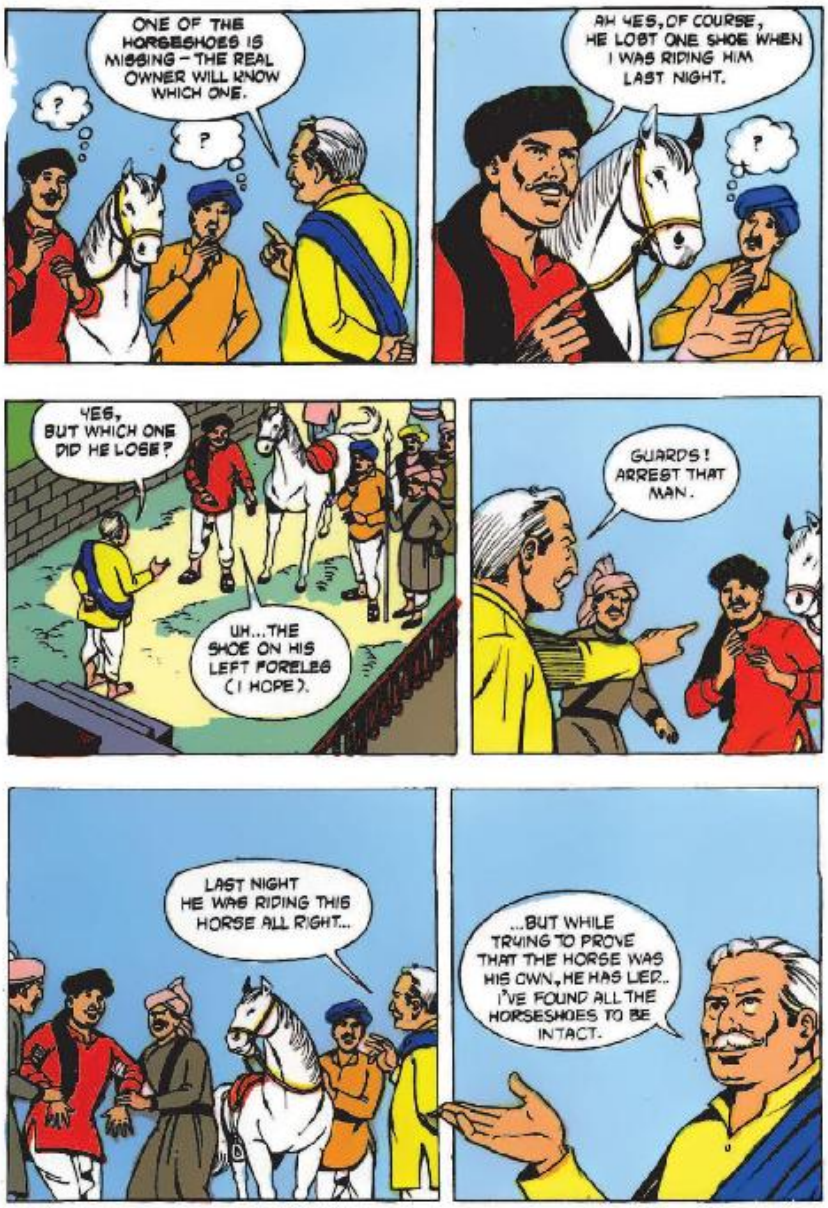
Based on a story sent by Vishnu Asawa, Howrah

Illustrations: Brat Kumar Sharma

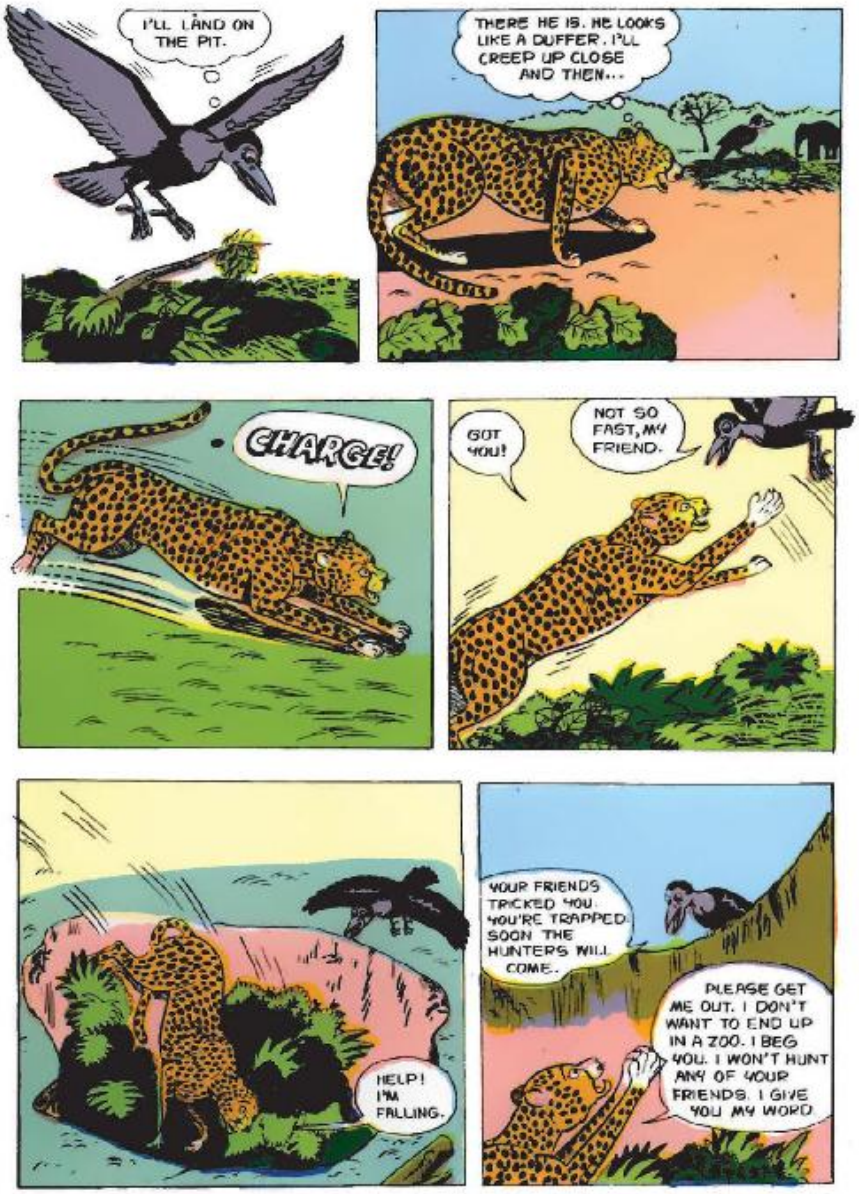
THE MISSING HORSESHOE

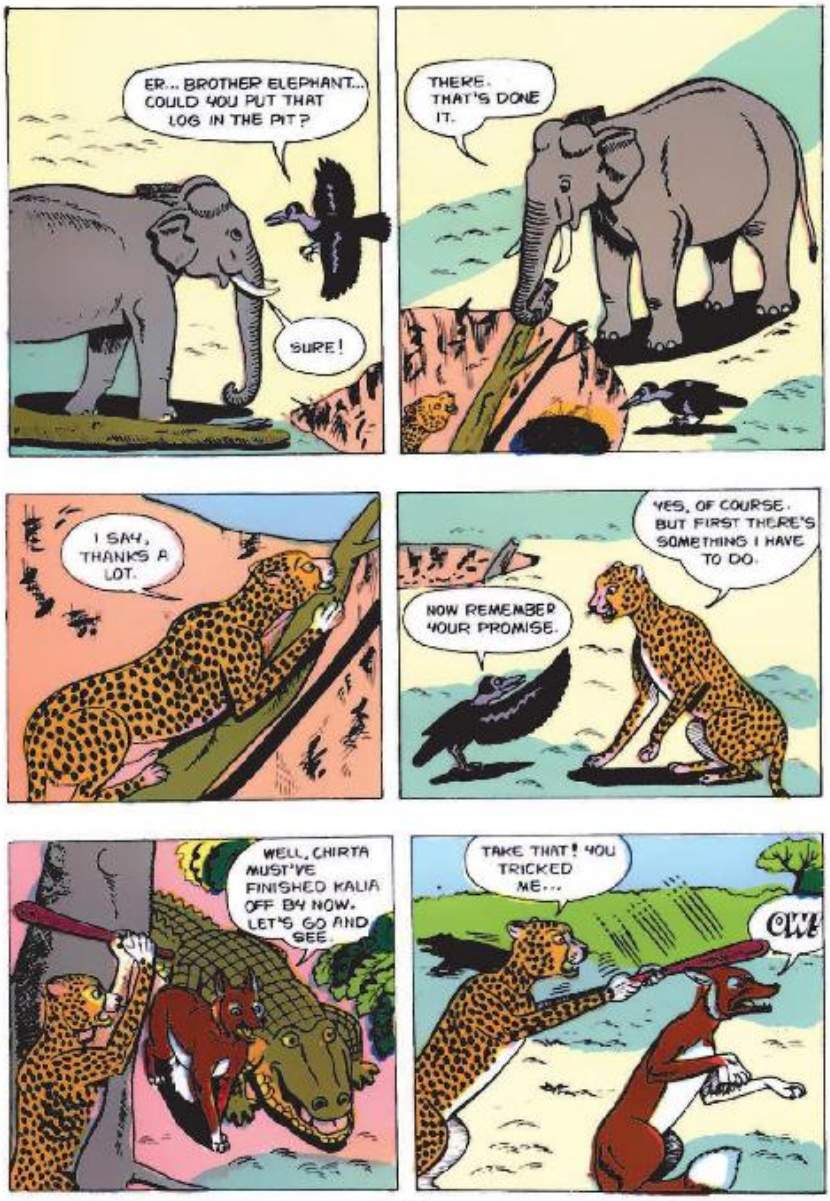
Script: Dev Nadkarni
Illustrations: Bapu Patil




ONE OF THE HORSESHOES IS MISSING – THE REAL OWNER WILL KNOW WHICH ONE.
?
?
AH YES, OF COURSE, HE LOST ONE SHOE WHEN I WAS RIDING HIM LAST NIGHT.
?
YES, BUT WHICH ONE DID HE LOSE?
UH... THE SHOE ON HIS LEFT FORELEG (I HOPE).
GUARDS! ARREST THAT MAN.
LAST NIGHT HE WAS RIDING THIS HORSE ALL RIGHT...
...BUT WHILE TRYING TO PROVE THAT THE HORSE WAS HIS OWN, HE HAS LIED.. I'VE FOUND ALL THE HORSESHOES TO BE INTACT.

Kalia
THE CROW
Script and illustrations: IYER PRASAD B.
HEY, CHAMATAKA, LOOK AT THAT ANIMAL RUN!
WE SHOULD MAKE FRIENDS WITH HIM. ANYONE WHO CAN RUN SO FAST WILL BE USEFUL TO US.
HEY FRIEND, COME HERE. WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
I'M A CHEETAH, THE FASTEST ANIMAL IN THE WHOLE WORLD. MY NAME'S CHIRTA.
HEAR THAT, DOOB DOOB? HE COULD CATCH RABBITS AND EVEN DEER FOR US.
DEER, DID YOU SAY?
YES, THERE ARE A LOT OF ANIMALS IN THIS FOREST. BUT THEY'RE TOO FAST FOR US. YOU COULD CATCH THEM EASILY ENOUGH.
HMM...
SO THAT'S THEIR GAME. BUT I'LL FIX THEM.
SEE THAT CROW? HE IS A FRIEND OF THE ANIMALS AND OUR GREATEST ENEMY. HE HAS FOILED ALL OUR PLANS. HE COULD FOIL THIS ONE TOO.
LEAVE HIM TO ME.
WELL, OFF YOU GO THEN.
HMM... THERE'S THAT PIT DUG BY THE HUNTERS. THEY'VE COVERED IT UP. I WONDER...

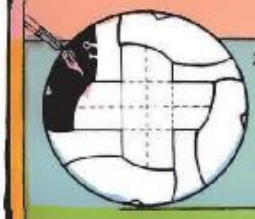

I'LL LAND ON THE PIT.
THERE HE IS. HE LOOKS LIKE A DUFFER. I'LL CREEP UP CLOSE AND THEN...
CHARGE!
GOT YOU!
NOT SO FAST, MY FRIEND.
HELP! I'M FALLING.
YOUR FRIENDS TRICKED YOU. YOU'RE TRAPPED. SOON THE HUNTERS WILL COME.
PLEASE GET ME OUT. I DON'T WANT TO END UP IN A ZOO. I BEG YOU. I WON'T HUNT ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS. I GIVE YOU MY WORD


ER... BROTHER ELEPHANT... COULD YOU PUT THAT LOG IN THE PIT?
SURE!
THERE. THAT'S DONE IT.
I SAY, THANKS A LOT.
YES, OF COURSE. BUT FIRST THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO DO.
NOW REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE.
WELL, CHIRTA MUST'VE FINISHED KALIA OFF BY NOW. LET'S GO AND SEE.
TAKE THAT! YOU TRICKED ME...
OW!

Readers' Choice
THE RATION SHOP
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar
Based on a story sent by H.P. Satish Kumar, Bombay
JUST BEFORE THE RATION SHOP OPENED FOR THE DAY—
I WAS HERE BEFORE YOU!
STOP PUSHING.
GET IN LINE.
HEY, YOU! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
GET BACK INTO THE QUEUE!
LET ME GO!
DON'T LET HIM GO AHEAD!
NOW STAND IN THE QUEUE OR WE'LL BREAK YOUR BONES!
PLEASE LET ME GO!
THE SHOP WON'T OPEN, OTHERWISE.
IT WON'T?
WHY?
BECAUSE I AM THE OWNER OF THIS SHOP.

The Walking Policeman

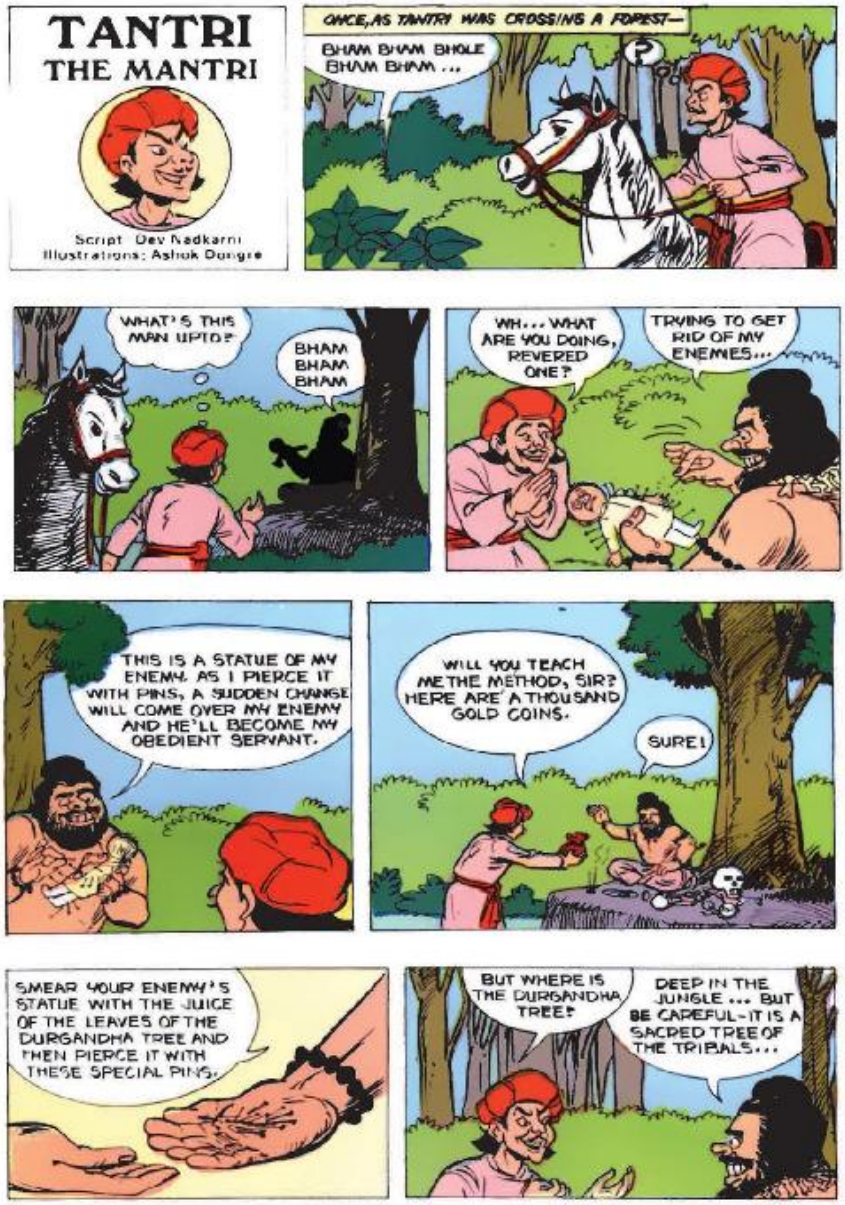
1. Take a piece of cardboard (10 cm. x 6 cm.) and draw the outline of a policeman on it. Do not draw the legs. Cut out the shape that you have drawn and colour it.



2. Next take a cardboard disc about 6 cm. in diameter and draw two lines along the diameters at right angles to each other. Draw the policeman's legs as shown and colour them.

3. Now attach the disc to the policeman's tunic with the help of a pin.

4. Now you can "walk" your policeman on a table. The rotating disc will make it appear as though he is walking.


TANTRI
THE MANTRI
Script Dev Nadkarni
Illustrations: Ashok Dongre
ONCE, AS TANTRI WAS CROSSING A FOREST—
BHAM BHAM BHOLE BHAM BHAM ...
WHAT'S THIS MAN UPTO?
BHAM BHAM BHAM
WH... WHAT ARE YOU DOING, REVERED ONE?
TRYING TO GET RID OF MY ENEMIES...
THIS IS A STATUE OF MY ENEMY. AS I PIERCE IT WITH PINS, A SUDDEN CHANGE WILL COME OVER MY ENEMY AND HE'LL BECOME MY OBEDIENT SERVANT.
WILL YOU TEACH ME THE METHOD, SIR? HERE ARE A THOUSAND GOLD COINS.
SURE!
SMEAR YOUR ENEMY'S STATUE WITH THE JUICE OF THE LEAVES OF THE DURGANDHA TREE AND THEN PIERCE IT WITH THESE SPECIAL PINS.
BUT WHERE IS THE DURGANDHA TREE?
DEEP IN THE JUNGLE ... BUT BE CAREFUL-IT IS A SACRED TREE OF THE TRIBALS...

...THEY GUARD IT DAY AND NIGHT.
THAT'S NO PROBLEM-I'LL BUY THEM OVER TOO!
BACK AT THE PALACE –
AH! THIS STATUE OF HOOJA SHOULD DO.
NOW TO LOOK FOR THE DURGANDHA TREE.
I'LL PUT ON THIS ARMOUR JUST IN CASE THOSE TRIBALS CAUSE PROBLEMS.
AH! THE DURGANDHA TREE. BUT THESE TRIBALS ARE ARMED TO THE TEETH.
CHINK CLINK CLUNK
?
CHINK
CHINK
CHINK
MORE ARROWS!

I'D BETTER TURN BACK.

HEY, TANTRI! WHY ARE YOU IN SUCH A HURRY?
O-ER.

OH, SO YOU'VE FOUND THE STATUE OF ME THAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR! WHO STOLE IT, TANTRI?

AH, MY BRAVE TANTRI. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU.
THE... THE... ER... TRIBALS, YOUR MAJESTY.

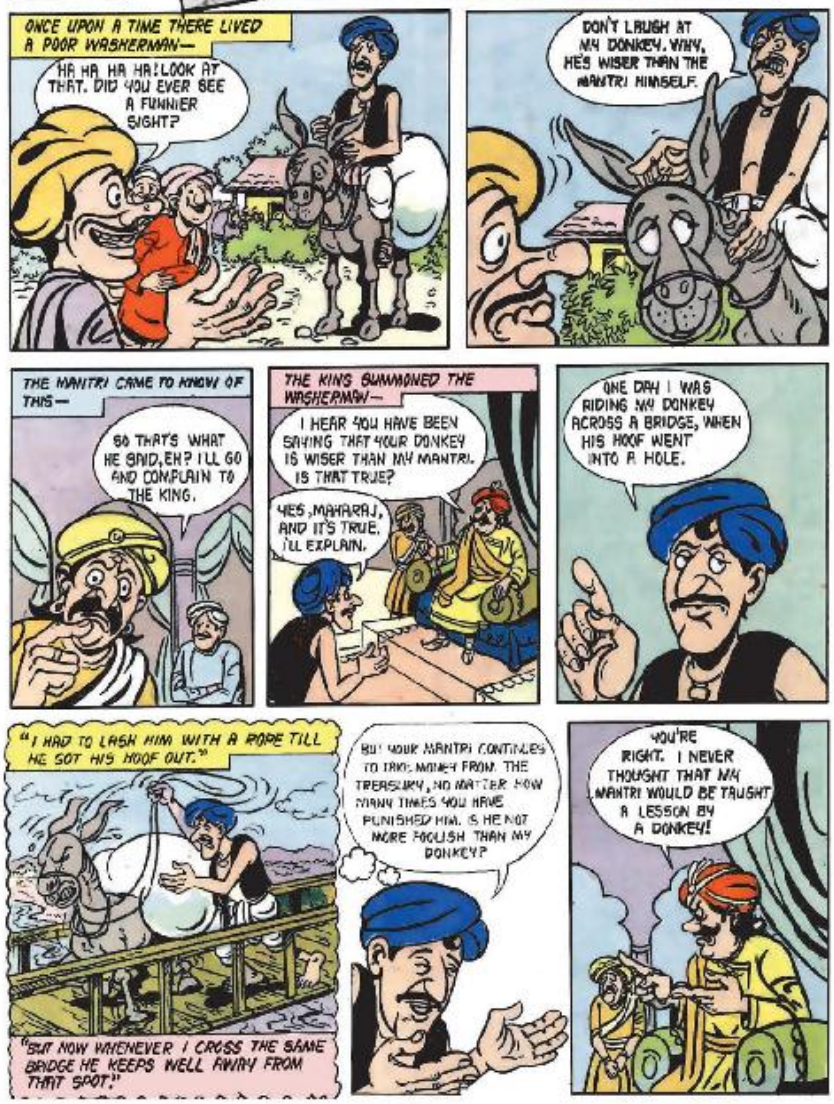
HEY! BUT WHAT ARE ALL THOSE ARROWS DOING IN YOUR ARMOUR? YOU LOOK JUST LIKE A STATUE WHICH SOME SADHUS USE TO PIERCE WITH PINS!

READERS' CHOICE

JUSTIFICATION

Based on a story sent by R. Vijay,
17, Uniya Bhuvan, Dr. B.P. Road, Mulund, Bombay 400080

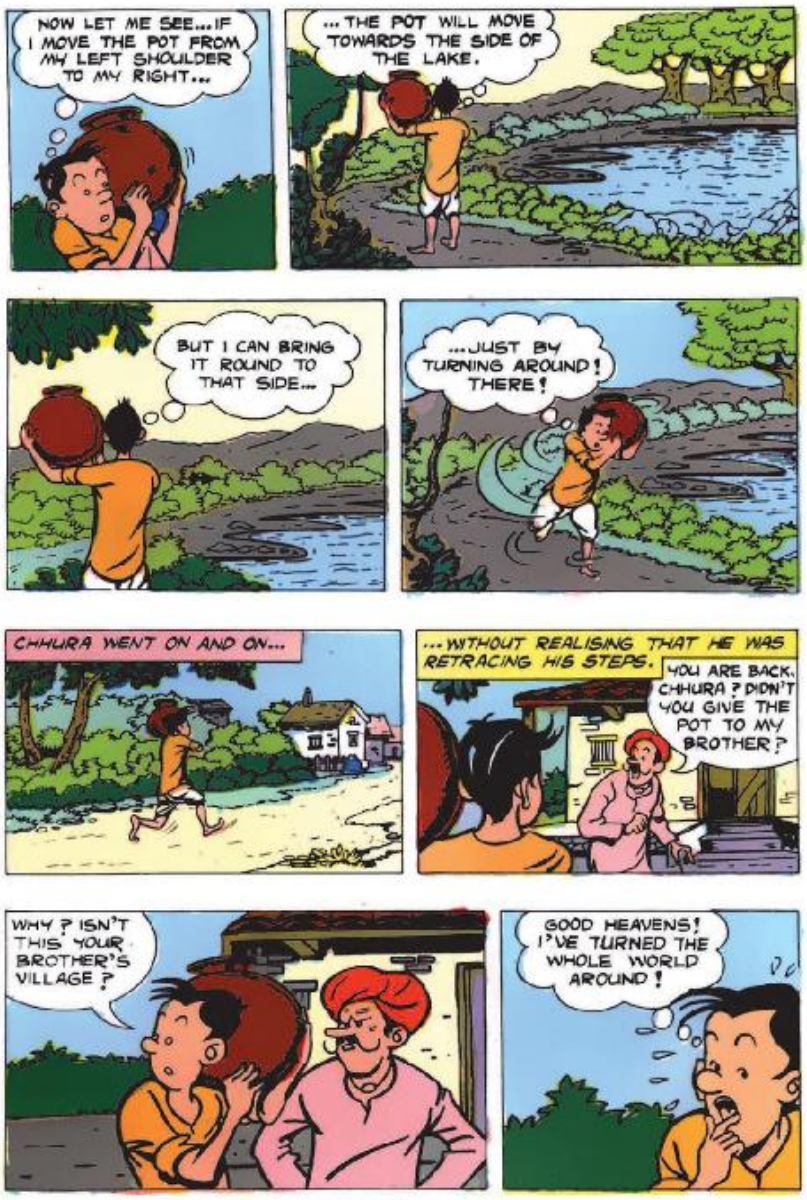
Illustrations: Anand Mande



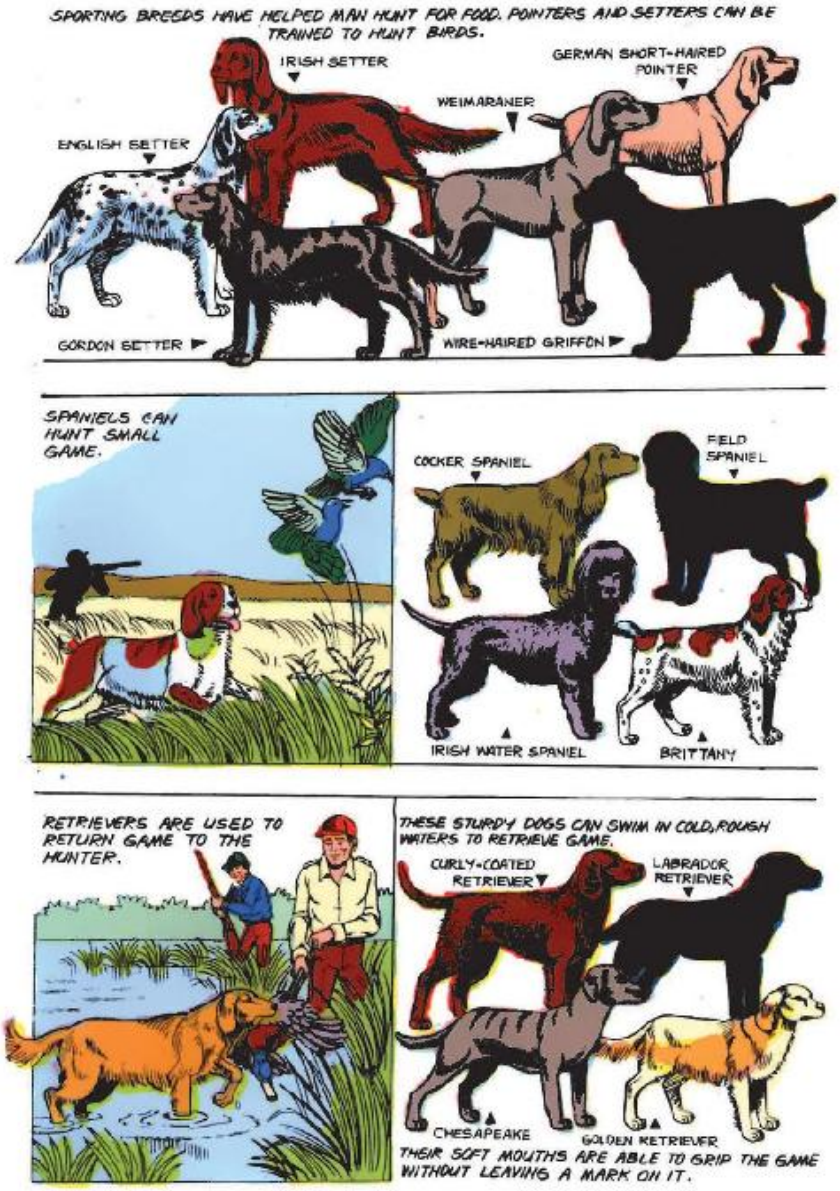
CHHURA TURNS THE WORLD AROUND

Script : H. Atmaram

Illustrations : Anand Torastur


NOW LET ME SEE... IF I MOVE THE POT FROM MY LEFT SHOULDER TO MY RIGHT...
... THE POT WILL MOVE TOWARDS THE SIDE OF THE LAKE.
BUT I CAN BRING IT ROUND TO THAT SIDE...
...JUST BY TURNING AROUND! THERE!
CHHURA WENT ON AND ON...
...WITHOUT REALISING THAT HE WAS RETRACING HIS STEPS.
YOU ARE BACK, CHHURA? DIDN'T YOU GIVE THE POT TO MY BROTHER?
WHY? ISN'T THIS YOUR BROTHER'S VILLAGE?
GOOD HEAVENS! I'VE TURNED THE WHOLE WORLD AROUND!

DOG BREEDS
Script : Vaijayanti Wagle
Illustrations : Ajit Vasaikar
THROUGH THE YEARS, THE DOG HAS BEEN MAN'S FAITHFUL COMPANION AND PARTNER. MAN HAS SPECIALLY BRED DOGS TO SUIT HIS VARIOUS NEEDS.
WORKING BREEDS RENDER THE GREATEST SERVICE TO MAN. WORKING WITHOUT SUPERVISION, THESE DOGS CAN ACCOMPLISH TASKS GIVEN TO THEM, EFFICIENTLY.
IN THE COLD ARCTIC LANDS, THE STOCKY HUSKIES PULL LOADED SLEDS OVER LONG DISTANCES.
BIG, BRAWNY NEW-FOUNDLANDS ARE BRED TO WORK AT SEA RESCUE.
ALSATIANS, DOBERMAN PINSCHERS, BOXERS AND GREAT DANES MAKE ADMIRABLE GUARD DOGS.
BOXER
GREAT DANE
DOBERMAN PINSCHER
ALSATIANS
IN THE ALPS, SAINT BERNARDS ARE TRAINED TO FIND TRAVELLERS LOST IN THE HEAVY MOUNTAIN SNOWS.
THESE BIG DOGS ARE WILLING TO FIGHT. YET THEY ARE EXTREMELY LOYAL AND OBEDIENT TO THEIR MASTERS.


SPORTING BREEDS HAVE HELPED MAN HUNT FOR FOOD. POINTERS AND SETTERS CAN BE TRAINED TO HUNT BIRDS.
IRISH SETTER
GERMAN SHORT-HAIRED POINTER
WEIMARANER
ENGLISH SETTER
GORDON SETTER
WIRE-HAIRED GRIFFON
SPANIELS CAN HUNT SMALL GAME.
COCKER SPANIEL
FIELD SPANIEL
IRISH WATER SPANIEL
BRITTANY
RETRIEVERS ARE USED TO RETURN GAME TO THE HUNTER.
THESE STURDY DOGS CAN SWIM IN COLD, ROUGH WATERS TO RETRIEVE GAME.
CURLY-COATED RETRIEVER
LABRADOR RETRIEVER
CHESAPEAKE
GOLDEN RETRIEVER
THEIR SOFT MOUTHS ARE ABLE TO GRIP THE GAME WITHOUT LEAVING A MARK ON IT.

HOUNDS ARE OF TWO KINDS. SIGHT HOUNDS WITH THEIR LONG LEGS AND SLIM BODIES, CAN RUN WITH FANTASTIC SPEED AND AGILITY.

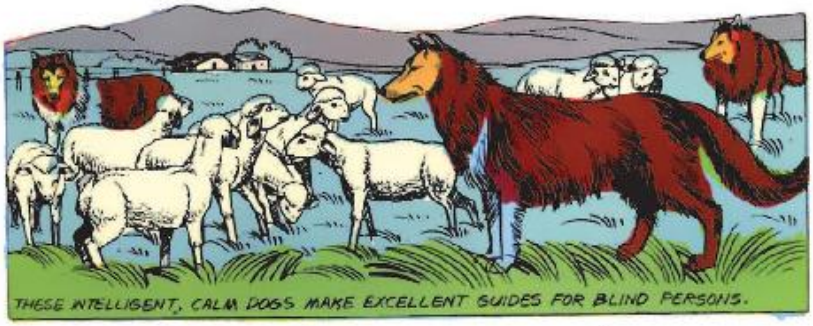
AMONG ALL DOGS, THE SCENT HOUNDS HAVE THE KEENEST SENSE OF SMELL.

THE HIGHLY INTELLIGENT BLOOD-HOUNDS BELONG TO THIS BREED. OFTEN WORKING FOR THE POLICE FORCE, THEY HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO TRACK LONG AND DIFFICULT TRAILS BY FOLLOWING A GROUND SCENT LEFT BY THE HUNTED.

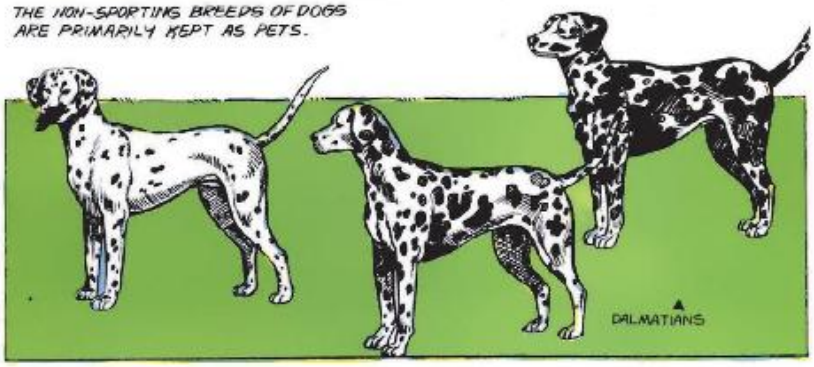
DESPITE ITS SIZE THE DACHSHUND BELONGS TO THIS GROUP.

THE TERRIER BREED OF DOGS ARE BRIGHT AND ALERT. THEY OFTEN POSSESS GREATER COURAGE AND DARING THAN SOME LARGER BREEDS.

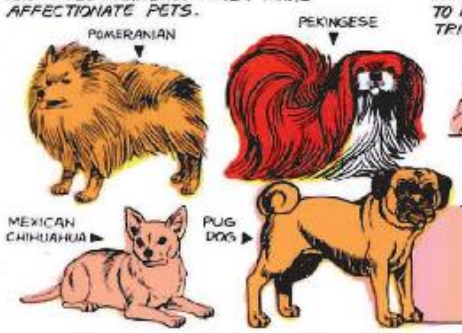
SHEEP DOGS ARE THE FARMER'S TRUSTED HELPERS. THEY WATCH OVER FLOCKS OF SHEEP AND HERDS OF CATTLE THAT MAY OTHERWISE STRAY.



THE NON-SPORTING BREEDS OF DOGS ARE PRIMARILY KEPT AS PETS.



TINY TOY DOGS ARE ALERT, GENTLE AND WELL-MANNERED. THEY MAKE AFFECTIONATE PETS.



POODLES ARE PERHAPS ONE OF THE MOST INTELLIGENT DOGS. THEY CAN BE TAUGHT TO PERFORM AN AMAZING RANGE OF TRICKS.

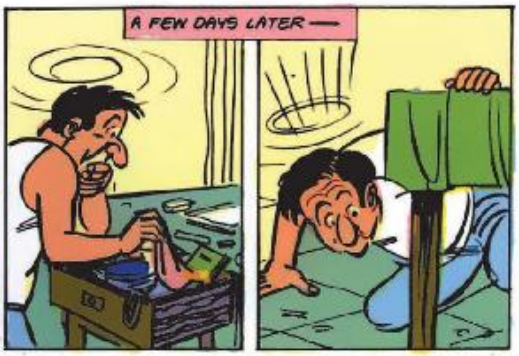
THE ADVENTURES OF SUPPANDI

"SELF HELP"

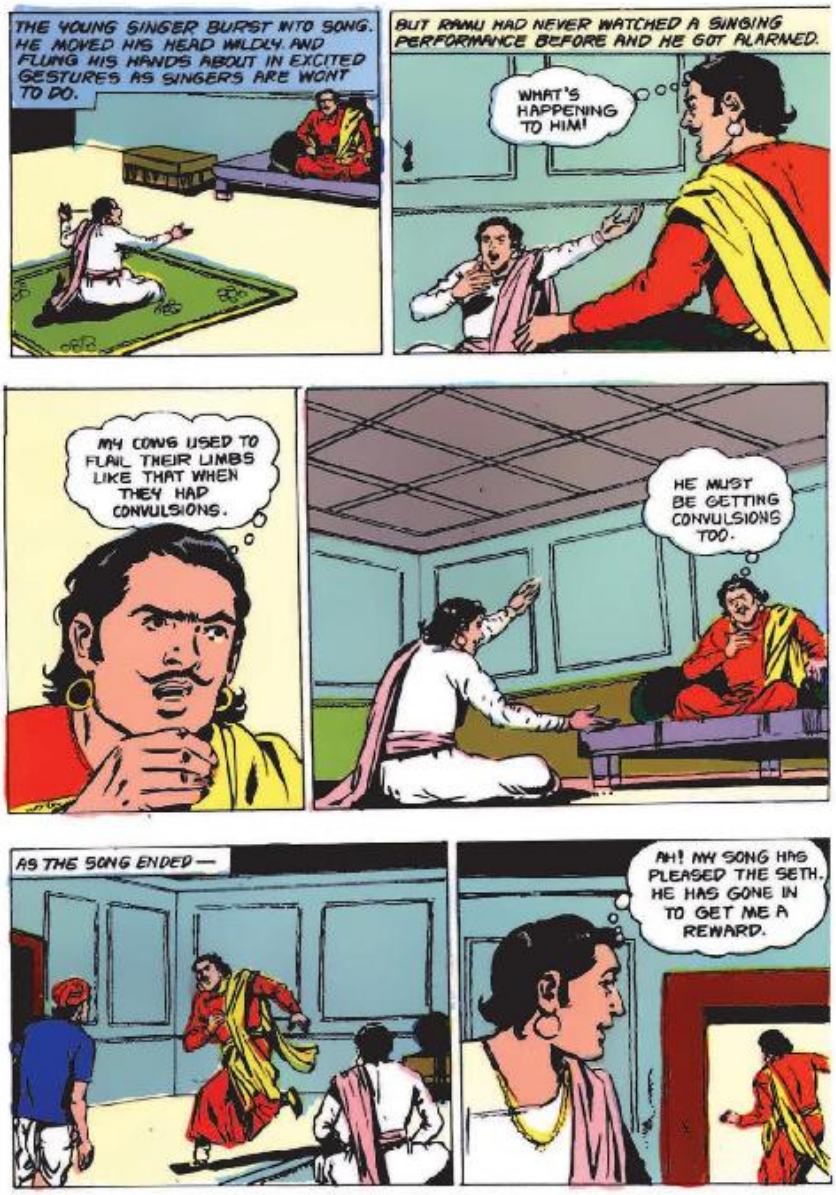
Illustrations : Ram Waserkar

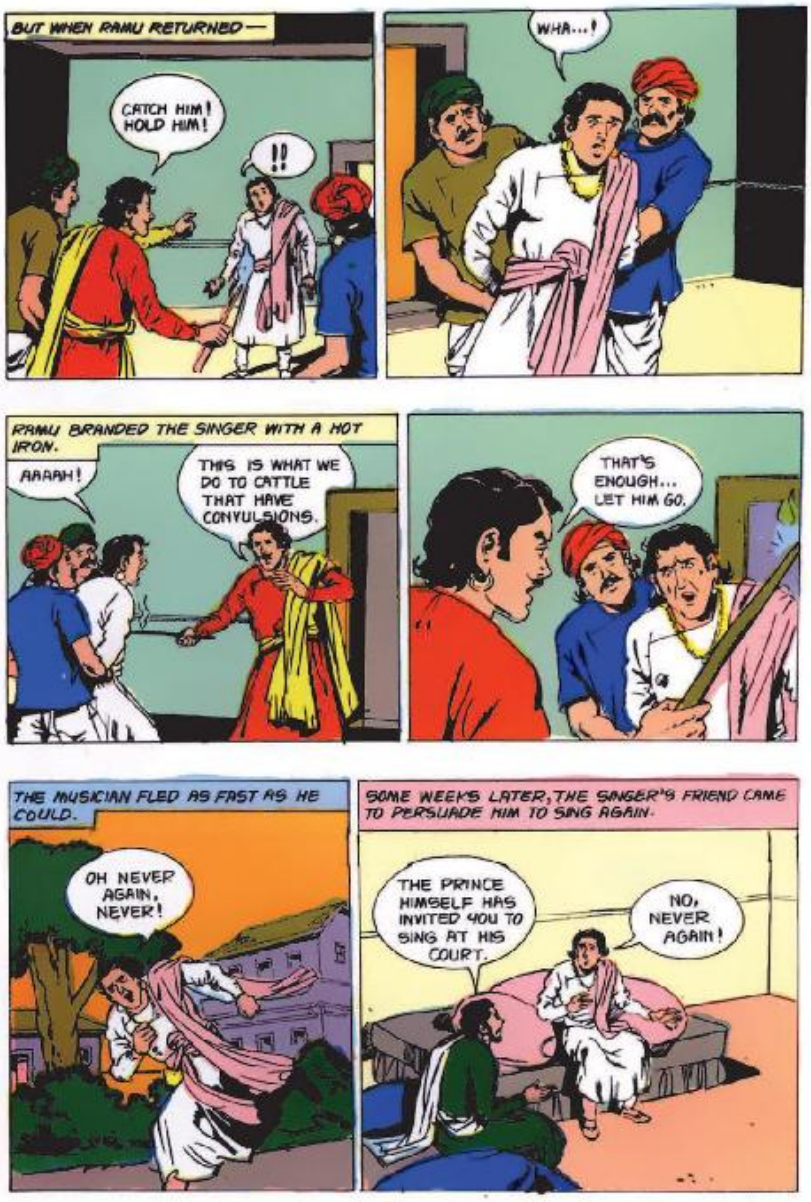
Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by Rajeev B.K., Trivandrum



UNAPPRECIATED MUSIC
Script : Vaiyayanti Wagle
Illustrations : Dilip Kadam
ONCE A COWHERD NAMED RAMU WAS SITTING IDLY TENDING HIS HERD. SUDDENLY—
OH, WHAT IS THIS I FEEL BENEATH ME?
WHY, IT IS A CASKET OF GOLD COINS!
I'M RICH!
RAMU BEGAN TO LIVE LIKE A RICH MAN. ONE DAY—
I BRING GREETINGS TO YOU, SETH RAMU. I AM BUT A HUMBLE SINGER.
BUT I WILL BE HONOURED IF YOU WILL BE SO KIND AS TO HEAR MY SONG.
ALL RICH PEOPLE SEEM TO LOVE SONG AND MUSIC.
SO I MUST PRETEND TO LOVE SONG AND MUSIC TOO. WHAT A BORE.
OF COURSE, OF COURSE, LET US HEAR YOU.

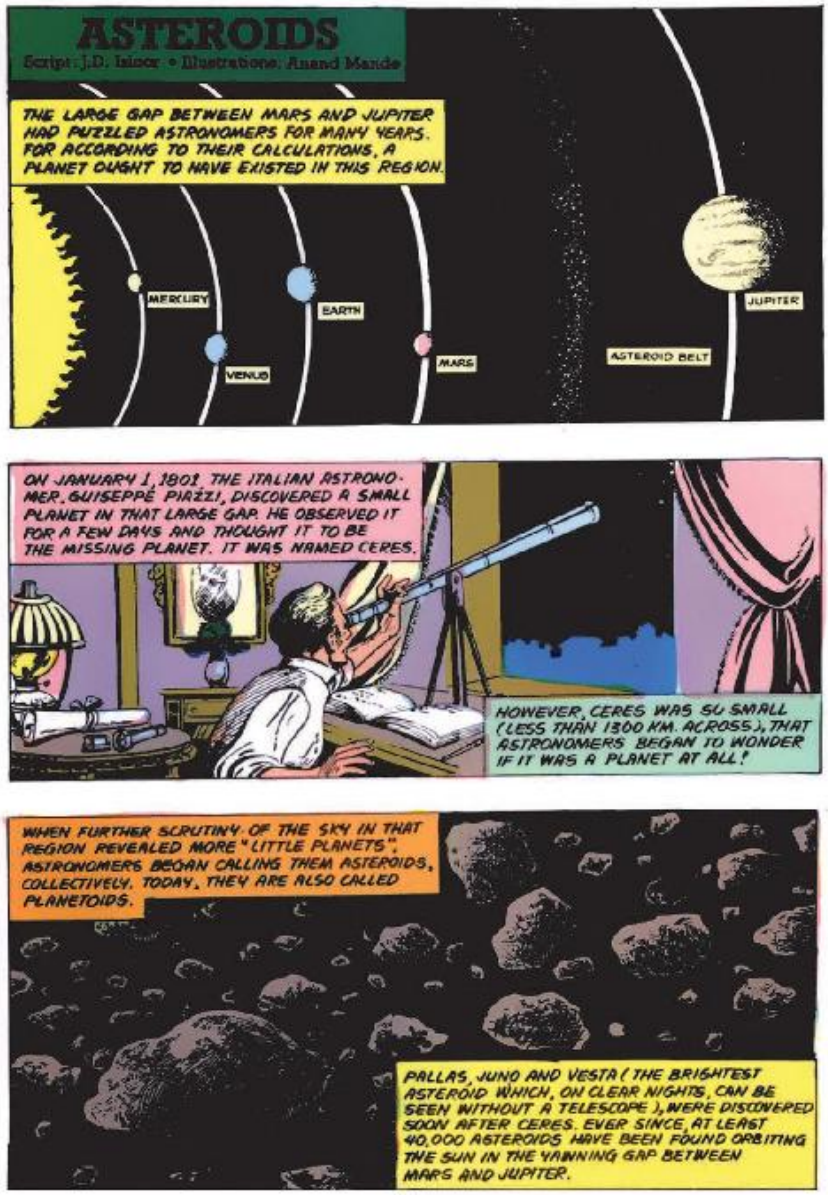

THE YOUNG SINGER BURST INTO SONG. HE MOVED HIS HEAD WILDLY AND FLUNG HIS HANDS ABOUT IN EXCITED GESTURES AS SINGERS ARE WONT TO DO.
BUT RAMU HAD NEVER WATCHED A SINGING PERFORMANCE BEFORE AND HE GOT ALARMED.
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM!
MY CONG USED TO FLAIL THEIR LIMBS LIKE THAT WHEN THEY HAD CONVULSIONS.
HE MUST BE GETTING CONVULSIONS TOO.
AS THE SONG ENDED —
AH! MY SONG HAS PLEASED THE SETH. HE HAS GONE IN TO GET ME A REWARD.

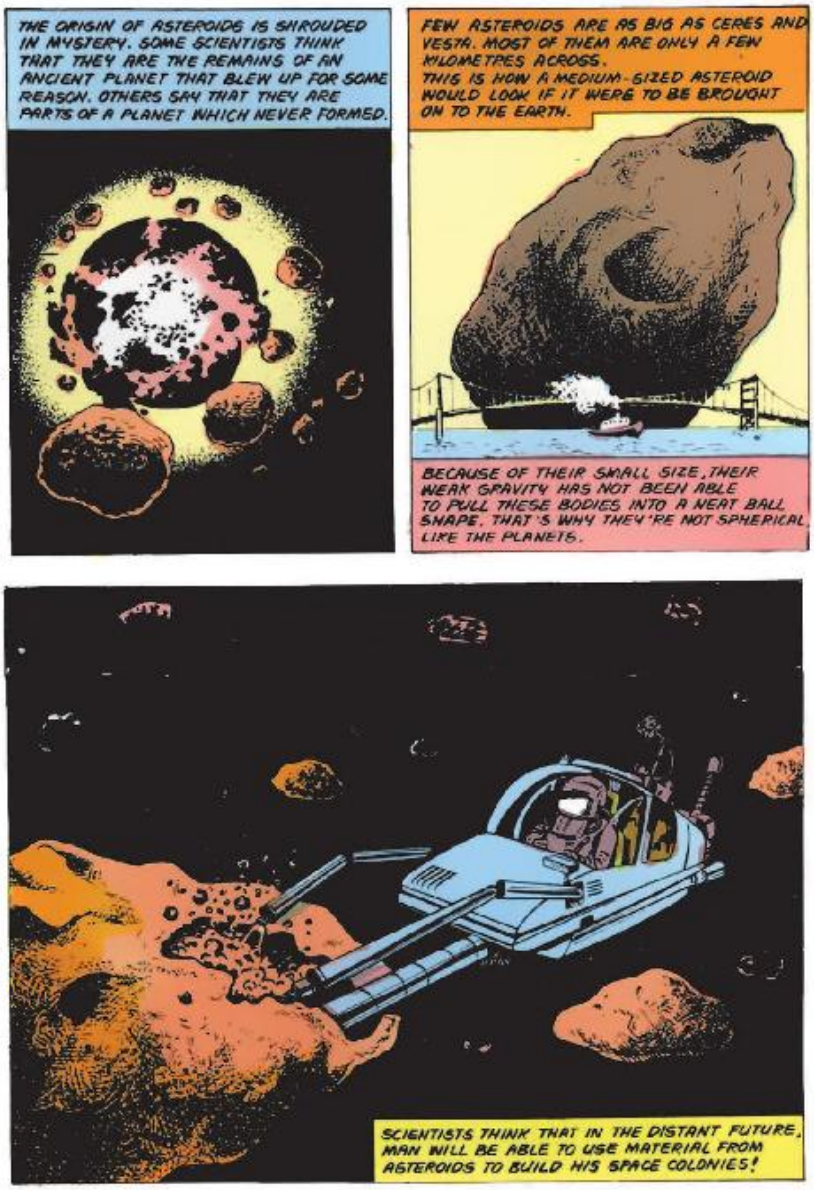

BUT WHEN RAMU RETURNED —
CATCH HIM! HOLD HIM!
!!
WHA...!
RAMU BRANDED THE SINGER WITH A HOT IRON.
AAAAH!
THIS IS WHAT WE DO TO CATTLE THAT HAVE CONVULSIONS.
THAT'S ENOUGH... LET HIM GO.
THE MUSICIAN FLED AS FAST AS HE COULD.
OH NEVER AGAIN, NEVER!
SOME WEEKS LATER, THE SINGER'S FRIEND CAME TO PERSUADE HIM TO SING AGAIN.
THE PRINCE HIMSELF HAS INVITED YOU TO SING AT HIS COURT.
NO, NEVER AGAIN!

OH, BUT YOU MUST. THIS IS A GREAT HONOUR.
A - ALL RIGHT... I'LL COME.
AT THE COURT A LARGE AUDIENCE HAD GATHERED.
AND EVERYONE APPRECIATED THE SONG.
WAH! WAH! BEAUTIFUL!
HOW MELODIOUS.
WHEN THE SONG WAS OVER—
WHERE IS THE PRINCE GOING?
CLAP
CLAP
HE MUST BE GOING TO GET RED-HOT IRONS, TOO.
AEEEEIII.
THE SINGER RAN FOR HIS LIFE AND WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

ASTEROIDS

Script: J.D. Isinor • Illustrations: Anand Mande



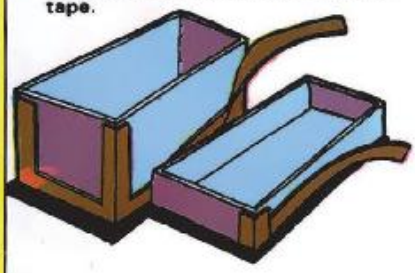

THE ORIGIN OF ASTEROIDS IS SHROUDED IN MYSTERY. SOME SCIENTISTS THINK THAT THEY ARE THE REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT PLANET THAT BLEW UP FOR SOME REASON. OTHERS SAY THAT THEY ARE PARTS OF A PLANET WHICH NEVER FORMED.
FEW ASTEROIDS ARE AS BIG AS CERES AND VESTA. MOST OF THEM ARE ONLY A FEW KILOMETRES ACROSS.
THIS IS HOW A MEDIUM-SIZED ASTEROID WOULD LOOK IF IT WERE TO BE BROUGHT ON TO THE EARTH.
BECAUSE OF THEIR SMALL SIZE, THEIR WEAK GRAVITY HAS NOT BEEN ABLE TO PULL THESE BODIES INTO A NEAT BALL SHAPE. THAT'S WHY THEY'RE NOT SPHERICAL LIKE THE PLANETS.
SCIENTISTS THINK THAT IN THE DISTANT FUTURE, MAN WILL BE ABLE TO USE MATERIAL FROM ASTEROIDS TO BUILD HIS SPACE COLONIES!

SHIELD MEETS SPEAR
Illustrations: Dolly Biswas
Readers' Choice
Based on a story sent by Ajit Narayan, New Delhi
ONE MORNING, AN ARTISAN CAME TO SELL HIS WARES AT A BUSY MARKET—
COME! LOOK AT MY SPEARS! THEY ARE SO SHARP...
... THEY CAN GO THROUGH ANY SHIELD!
AND NOW INSPECT THE SHIELDS I MAKE! THEY CAN RESIST EVEN THE SHARPEST OF SPEARS!
BUT... BUT... YOU JUST SAID THAT YOUR SPEARS COULD GO THROUGH THE BEST SHIELDS. SO WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOUR SHIELDS MEET YOUR SPEARS?
HA!
HA!
HA!

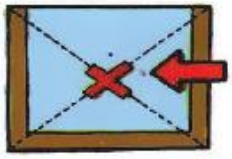
MAKE YOUR OWN PINHOLE CAMERA

You will need: A cardboard box with lid (such as a shoe box), gummed tape, a sharp knife, tracing paper and adhesive.

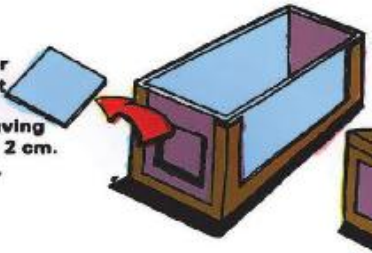
1. Hold the box and lid to the light to see if there are any holes. If you find any, close them up with pieces of gummed tape. Also cover the edges of the box and lid with tape.



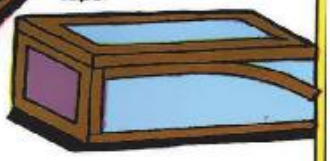
2. Mark the exact centre of one end of the box with the lid on (as shown). Pierce the mark with a pin clearly.



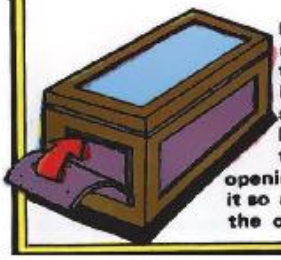
3. At the other end, cut out a square opening leaving a border of 2 cm. on all sides.



4. Put the lid on the box and join them together securely with gummed tape.



5. Now cut a square piece of tracing paper in a size slightly larger than the square opening and paste it so as to cover the opening.

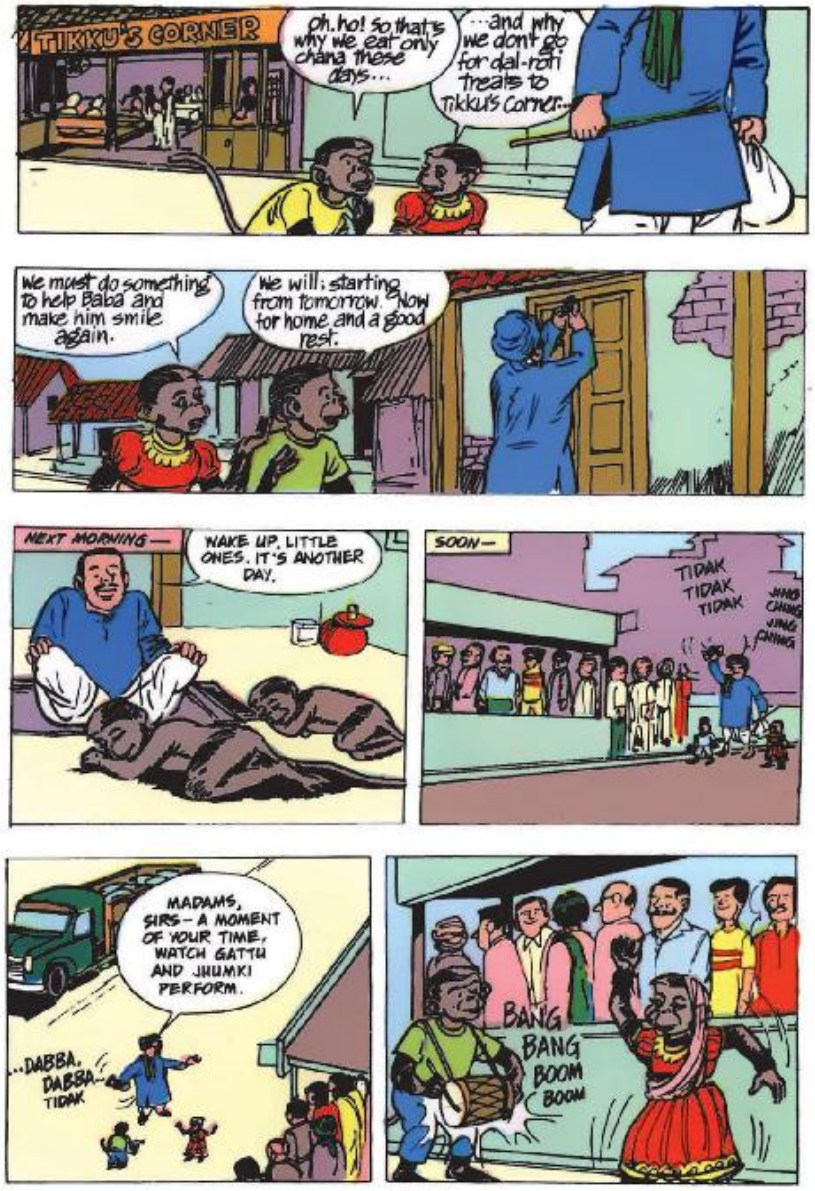


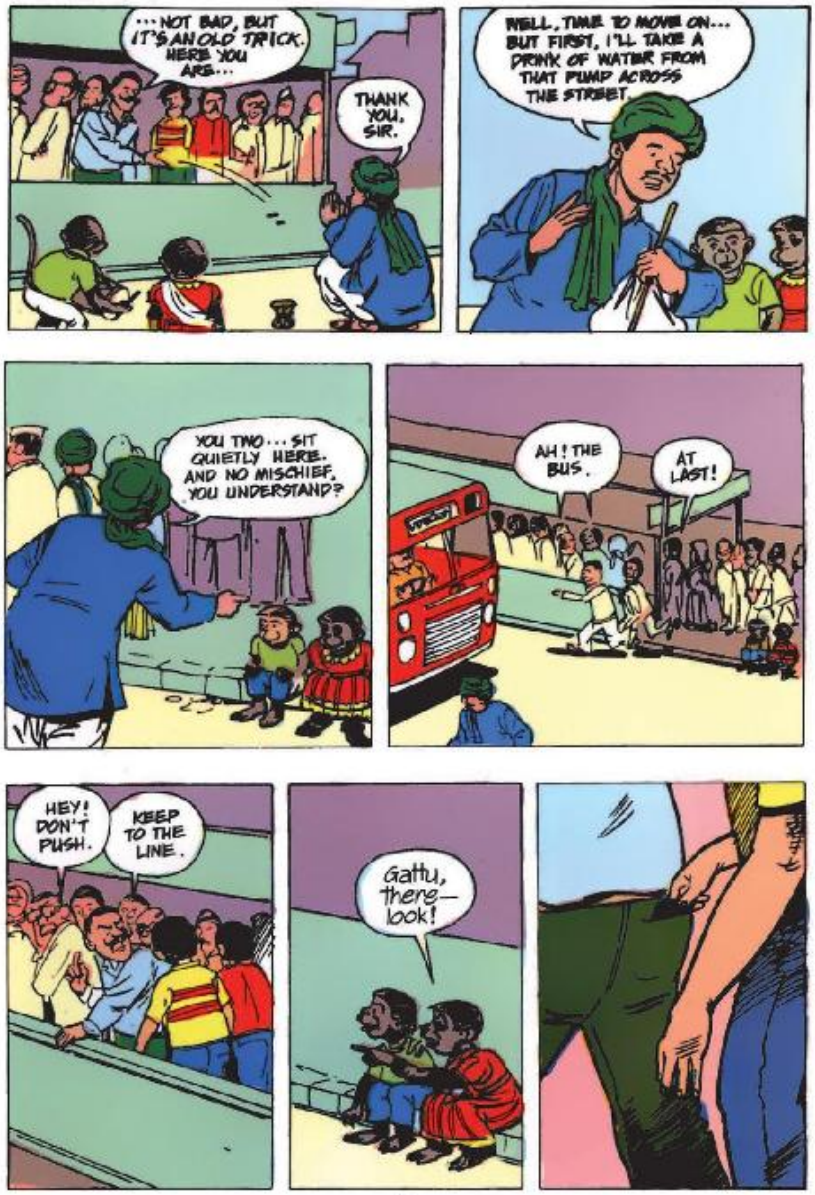
6. Your camera is ready now. Place it before a candle with the pinhole facing it. The candle will appear upside down on the paper screen!

The Best Performance of All

Story by Ruchira Madhukar
Script : Gayatri Madan Dutt
Illustrations : Ashok Dongre

This story won the Third Prize in the Tinkle Original story Competition.


TIKKU'S CORNER
Oh.ho! So that's why we eat only chana these days...
...and why we don't go for dal-roti treats to Tikku's Corner...
We must do something to help Baba and make him smile again.
We will; starting from tomorrow. Now for home and a good rest.
NEXT MORNING—
WAKE UP, LITTLE ONES. IT'S ANOTHER DAY.
SOON—
TIDAK TIDAK TIDAK
MADAMS, SIRS – A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME, WATCH GATTU AND JHUMKI PERFORM.
...DABBA, DABBA... TIDAK
BANG BANG BOOM BOOM


...NOT BAD, BUT IT'S AN OLD TRICK. HERE YOU ARE...
THANK YOU, SIR.
WELL, TIME TO MOVE ON... BUT FIRST, I'LL TAKE A DRINK OF WATER FROM THAT PUMP ACROSS THE STREET.
YOU TWO... SIT QUIETLY HERE. AND NO MISCHIEF, YOU UNDERSTAND?
AH! THE BUS.
AT LAST!
HEY! DON'T PUSH.
KEEP TO THE LINE.
Gattu, there— look!

BROOM
GOT IT?
GOT IT!
A COOL FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS. QUITE A HAUL!
I WANT A SHARE TOO!
Gattu! So easy!
Jhumki! Simple as breathing!
You're smaller. Go— do it.

WHICH FILM WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE WITH TODAY'S EARNINGS?
'POCKETMAAR' WOULD BE THE MOST APT ONE! COME ON, LET'S GO.
We've done it!
Baba will be rich!
GATTU... JHUMKI... COME ALONG...
...EH?
Kree Kree
Skree skree
?
chatter chatter
chitter chitter
A... A PICKPOCKETED... PURSE...?

YOU RASCALS!
SLAP
?
?
ALL I HAVE IS MY SELF-RESPECT. YOU WANT ME TO LOSE THAT TOO?
DON'T EVER DO SUCH A THING AGAIN, DO YOU HEAR?
HERE'S THE OWNERS NAME AND ADDRESS. NOW WE'LL HAVE TO GO ALL THE WAY AND RETURN IT.
SOON—
FRIEND, HOW CAN I THANK YOU?
IT WAS MY DUTY!
NO... DON'T GO YET. YOU THREE MUST COME IN AND SIT DOWN.

BY OUT-PICKPOCKETING THAT PICKPOCKET, YOUR MONKEYS HAVE GIVEN THEIR BEST PERFORMANCE OF ALL!
ALL THREE OF YOU DESERVE A REWARD... HERE!
TWO HUNDRED RUPEES... NO, I CAN'T...
YOU MUST ! IT IS IN FACT TOO SMALL A TOKEN OF MY ADMIRATION FOR YOUR HONESTY.
!... WELL... THANK YOU, SIR.
NOW I CAN BUY THE CYCLE!
BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST! MY PRECIOUS TWOSOME, FULL SPEED AHEAD FOR TIKKU'S CORNER FOR A GRAND FEAST!
Eeee!
Eeee!
Gattu, he patted us!
Jhumki, his smiles are real smiles now! Baba is happy again!

Kalia
THE CROW
Script :
DENIS
Illustrations :
IYER PRASAD B.
DOOB DOOB, LOOK! CARROTS! AND CARROTS MEANS KEECHU AND MEECHU. LET'S ...PST...PST...
FINE!
AIEE... CROCODILE!
... AND A JACKAL! RUN!
THE RABBITS WILL SOON BE HERE.
YES! WE CANNOT FAIL THIS TIME.
SH... QUIET! HERE THEY COME.
SO MANY CARROTS AND ALL LOOKING SO JUICY! YUMMY!
QUICK! LET'S TAKE AWAY AS MANY AS WE CAN.
NOT SO FAST, MY FRIENDS.
CHAMATAKA AND DOOB DOOB!
HEH, HEH!
OH NO! THE RABBITS ARE IN TROUBLE AGAIN.
THAT RASCAL CHAMATAKA ONCE STOLE MY PREY.

I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH CHAMATAKA. COULD I BE OF ANY HELP?
YES! LISTEN...
KALIA IS ONE SMART CROW.
MEANWHILE—
BRING THEM OUT, CHAMATAKA. I AM HUNGRY.
PATIENCE, MY DEAR FRIEND. I FEEL LIKE TAKING A BOAT RIDE TODAY.
COME, DOOB DOOB, HOP IN.
HEY!

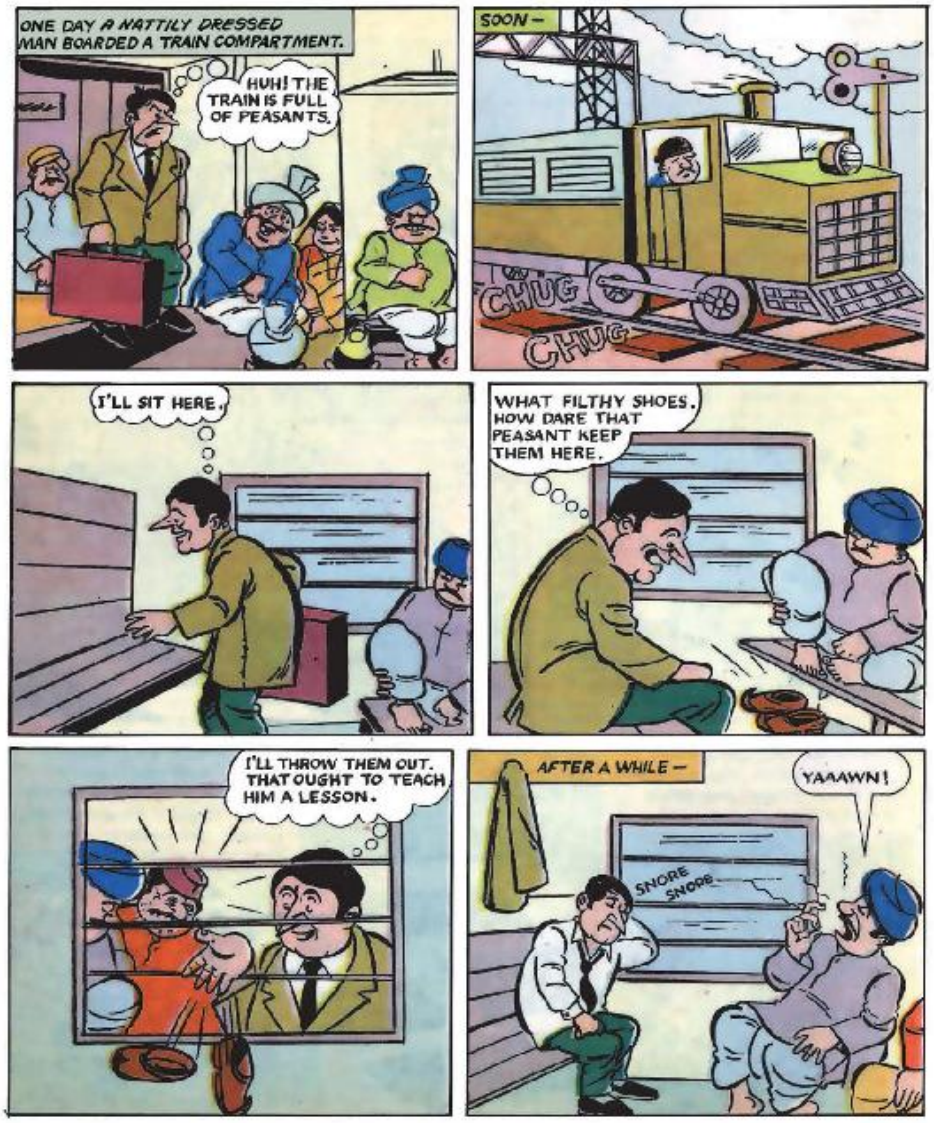
NOW!
CHAMATAKA, LOOK OUT!
THUD!
OIEE!
CHAMATAKA! HEY, CHAMATAKA. GET UP!
HE IS RESTING. HE WON'T GET UP SO SOON.
THANKS, KALIA.
ANYTIME, FRIENDS!

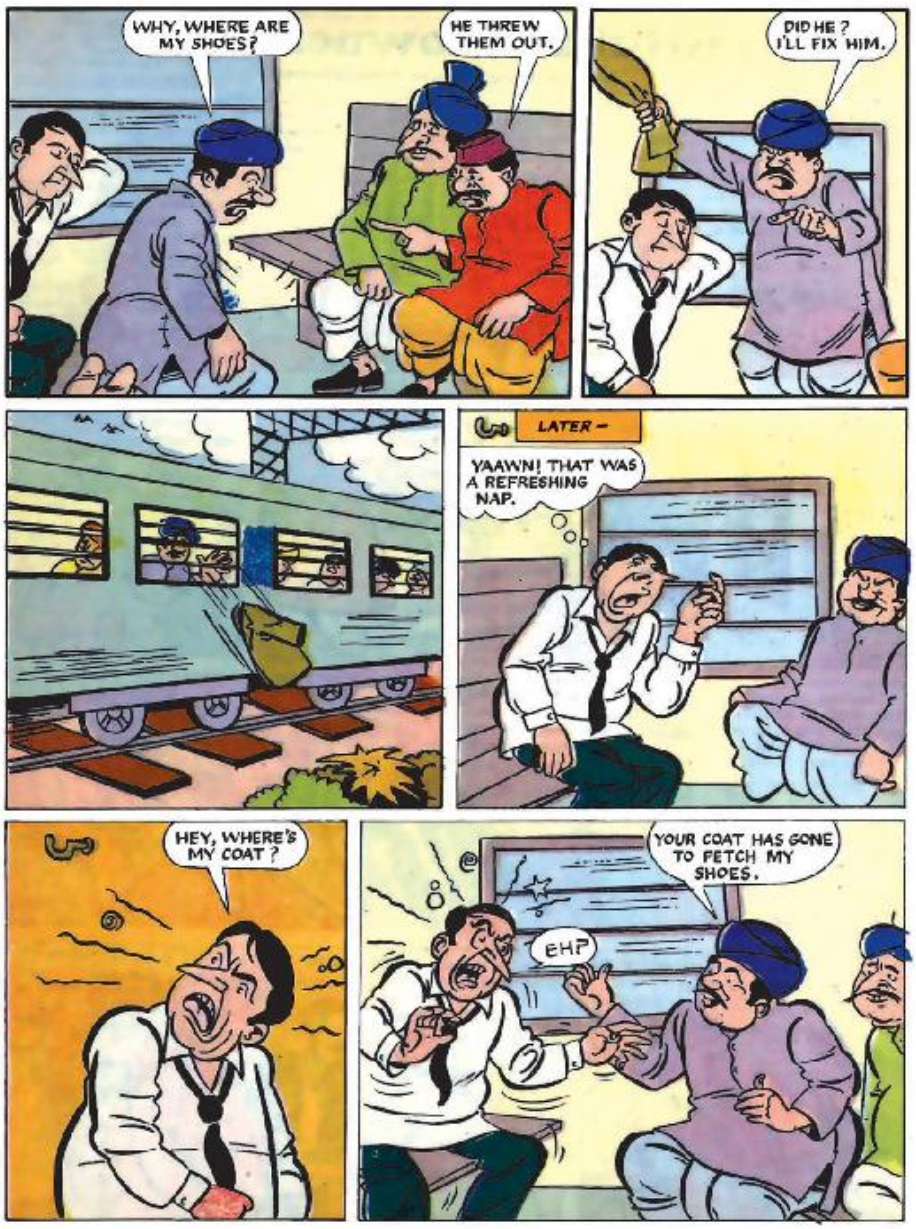
READERS' CHOICE

A FITTING REPLY

Based on a story sent by Anindya Mitra
N-88/E, Telco Colony, Jamshedpur 831004

Illustrations: Suresh Kshirsagar




WHY, WHERE ARE MY SHOES?
HE THREW THEM OUT.
DID HE? I'LL FIX HIM.
LATER –
YAAWN! THAT WAS A REFRESHING NAP.
HEY, WHERE'S MY COAT?
YOUR COAT HAS GONE TO FETCH MY SHOES.
EH?

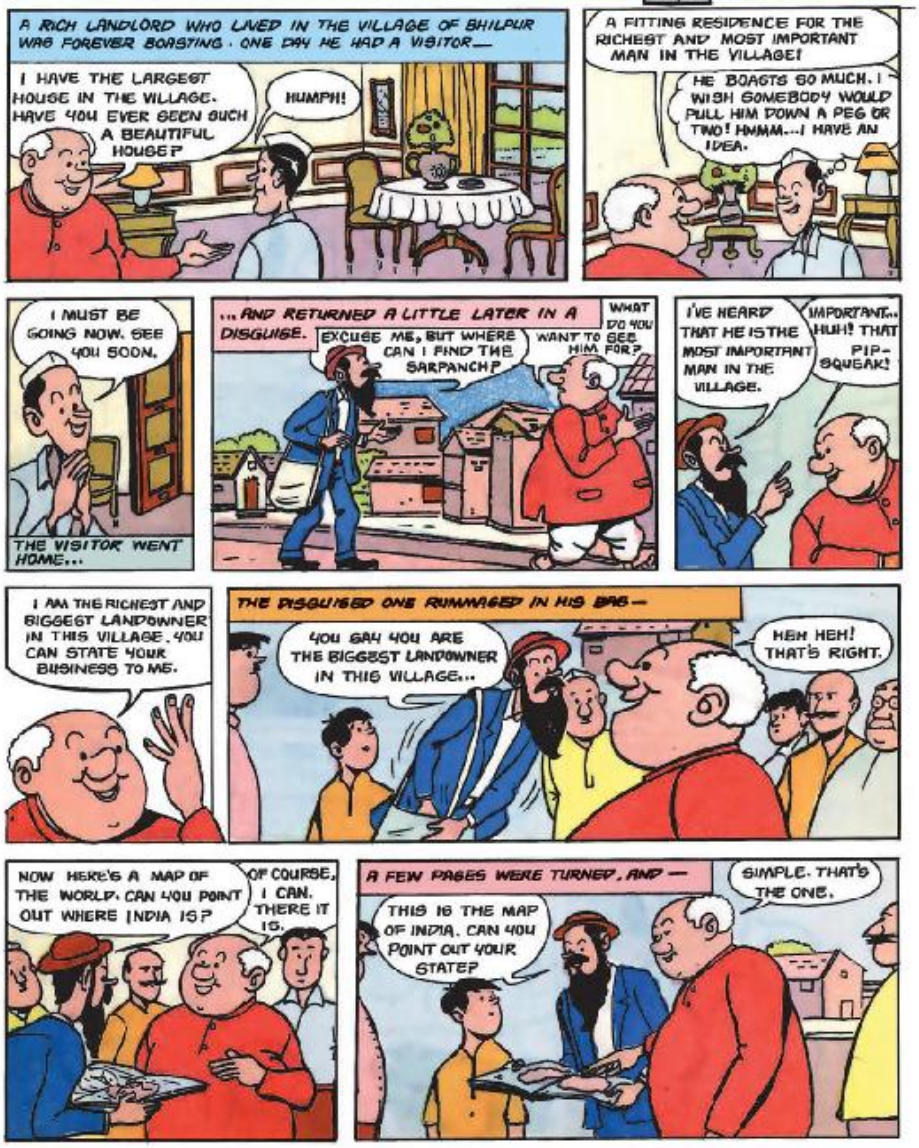
The Boastful Landowner

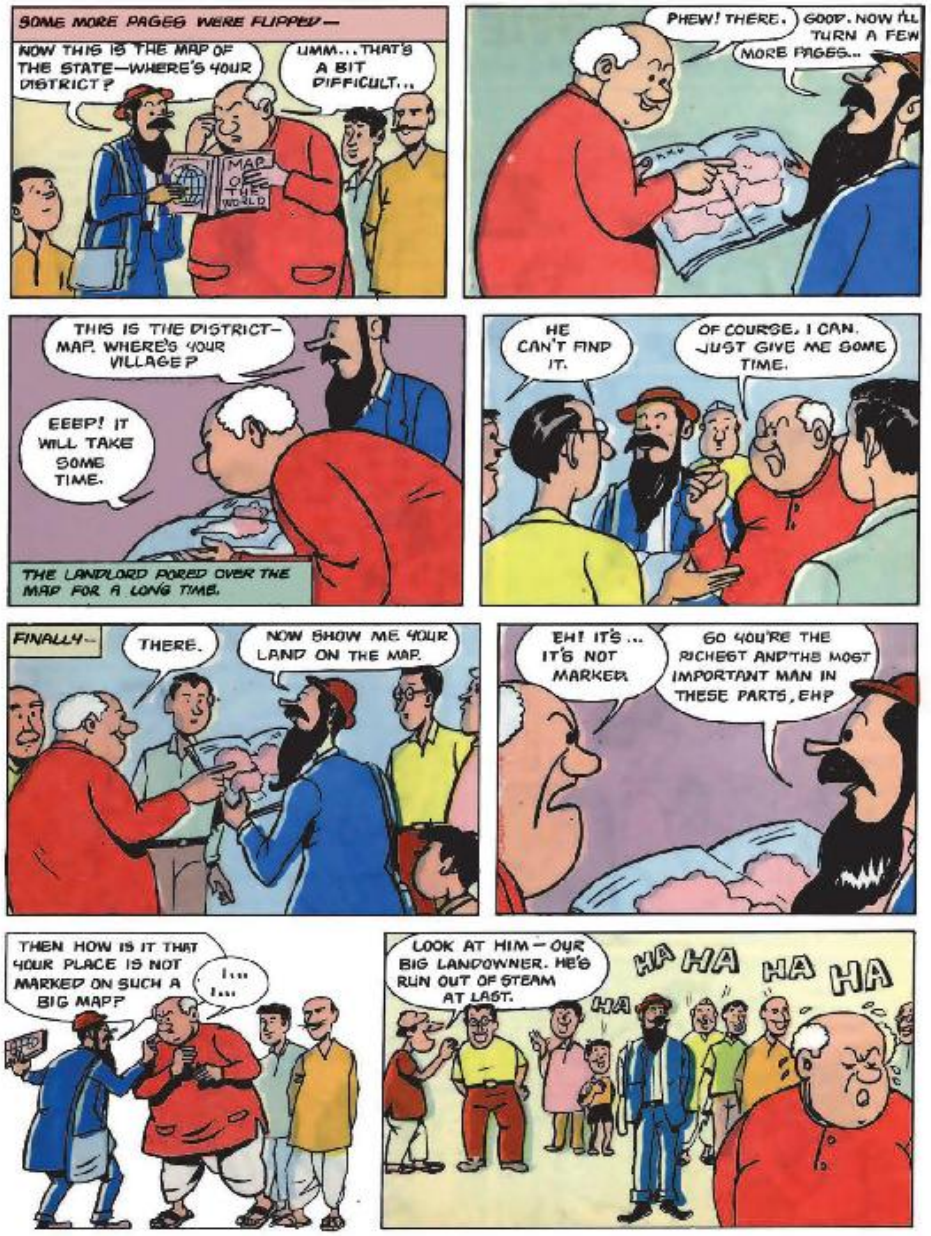
Illustrations: Anand Torasker

Based on a story sent by Ashish Dhruve

READERS' CHOICE

Sunder Srinagar C.H.S.,
292/9, 2nd floor,
V.N. Purav Marg,
Sion, Chunabhatti,
Bombay 400022



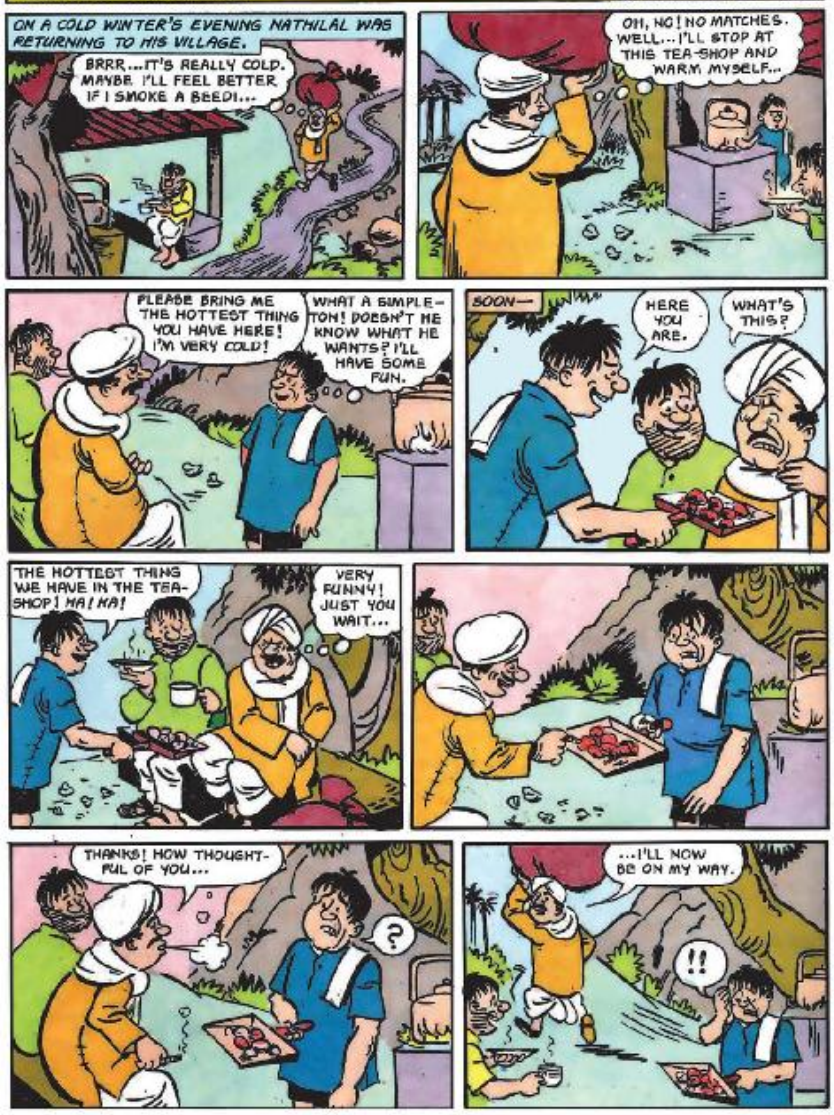

SOME MORE PAGES WERE FLIPPED—
NOW THIS IS THE MAP OF THE STATE—WHERE'S YOUR DISTRICT?
UMM... THAT'S A BIT DIFFICULT...
MAP OF THE WORLD
PHEW! THERE.
GOOD. NOW I'LL TURN A FEW MORE PAGES...
THIS IS THE DISTRICT-MAP. WHERE'S YOUR VILLAGE?
EEEP! IT WILL TAKE SOME TIME.
THE LANDLORD PORED OVER THE MAP FOR A LONG TIME.
HE CAN'T FIND IT.
OF COURSE. I CAN. JUST GIVE ME SOME TIME.
FINALLY—
THERE.
NOW SHOW ME YOUR LAND ON THE MAP.
EH! IT'S... IT'S NOT MARKED.
SO YOU'RE THE RICHEST AND THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN THESE PARTS, EH?
THEN HOW IS IT THAT YOUR PLACE IS NOT MARKED ON SUCH A BIG MAP?
I... I...
LOOK AT HIM—OUR BIG LANDOWNER. HE'S RUN OUT OF STEAM AT LAST.
HA HA HA HA HA

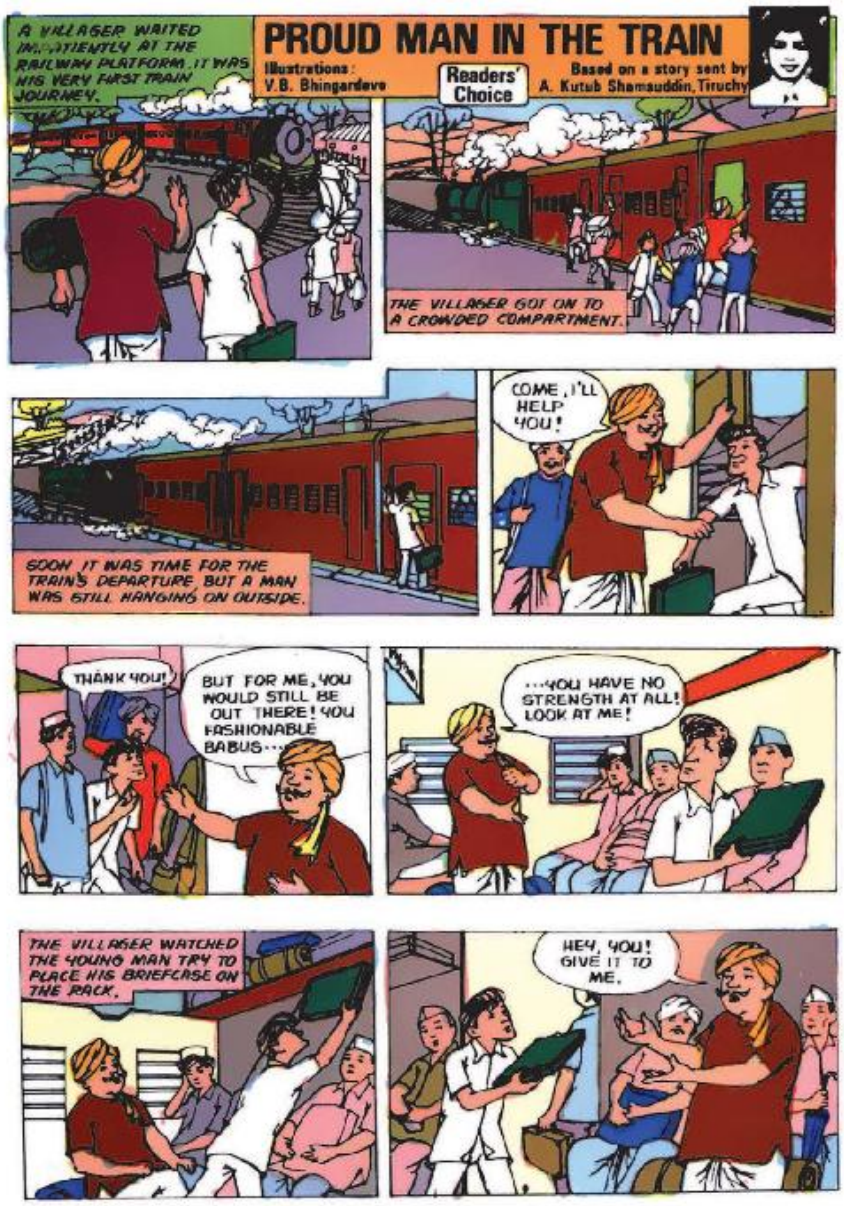
Coals for a Beedi

Illustrations: Suresh Kshirsagar

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by S. Feroz Ahmed
C/o. Abdurahman, National Highway,
Opp. Kamakshi Petrol Bunk, Bhatkal




PROUD MAN IN THE TRAIN
Illustrations: V.B. Bhingardeve
Readers' Choice
Based on a story sent by A. Kutub Shamsuddin, Tiruchy
A VILLAGER WAITED IMPATIENTLY AT THE RAILWAY PLATFORM. IT WAS HIS VERY FIRST TRAIN JOURNEY.
THE VILLAGER GOT ON TO A CROWDED COMPARTMENT.
SOON IT WAS TIME FOR THE TRAIN'S DEPARTURE, BUT A MAN WAS STILL HANGING ON OUTSIDE.
COME, I'LL HELP YOU!
THANK YOU!
BUT FOR ME, YOU WOULD STILL BE OUT THERE! YOU FASHIONABLE BABUS...
...YOU HAVE NO STRENGTH AT ALL! LOOK AT ME!
THE VILLAGER WATCHED THE YOUNG MAN TRY TO PLACE HIS BRIEFCASE ON THE RACK.
HEY, YOU! GIVE IT TO ME.

THERE... YOU CITY WEAKLINGS!
THIS IS GETTING TOO MUCH!
THE YOUNG MAN REACHED FOR THE ALARM CHAIN...
?
THEN—
SCRISSCH
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? JUST WATCH ME!
THE TRAIN CAME TO A HALT AND THE GUARD RUSHED IN.
WHO PULLED THE CHAIN?
I DID! I DID!
WHY?
BECAUSE THIS FRAIL CREATURE COULDN'T PULL IT.
JUST LIKE THAT? IT'S AN OFFENCE TO STOP THE TRAIN WITHOUT A GOOD REASON...
...NOW PAY THE FINE! FIFTY RUPEES!
FIF...FIFTY RUPEES!
AFTER MUCH PERSUASION, THE GUARD EXCUSED THE MAN, WHO KEPT ABSOLUTELY QUIET FOR REST OF THE JOURNEY.

A SON-IN-LAW COMES TO DINNER

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

Based on a story sent by Mainik Shome, Kohima

Readers' Choice

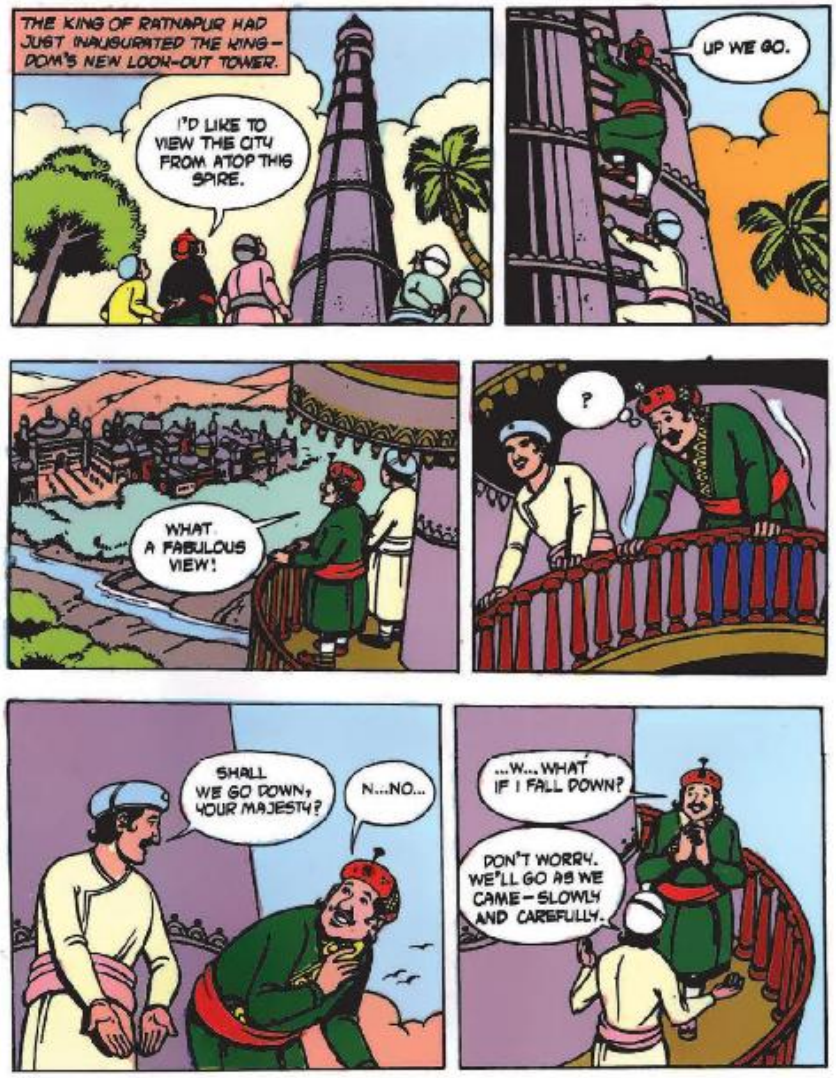
AND REMEMBER TO CATCH ANYONE WHO COMES NEAR THE TREE AND BRING HIM TO ME.
I WILL, FATHER.
SO THE SON-IN-LAW WENT AND STOOD GUARD NEAR THE LIME TREE.
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE KITCHEN —
HAVE YOU ENOUGH LIMES FOR TONIGHT'S MEAL ?
OH DEAR. I MUST GO AND FETCH SOME...
WHO GOES THERE ?
THIEF! THIEF!
FATHER, COME QUICKLY... I'VE FOUND THE THIEF !
SO THIS IS THE THIEF, SON ?!
MOTHER? YOU ?!
LATER —
I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE HUMILIATED IN MY LIFE...
... I WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO INVITE HIM AGAIN !
HA! SERVES YOU RIGHT !

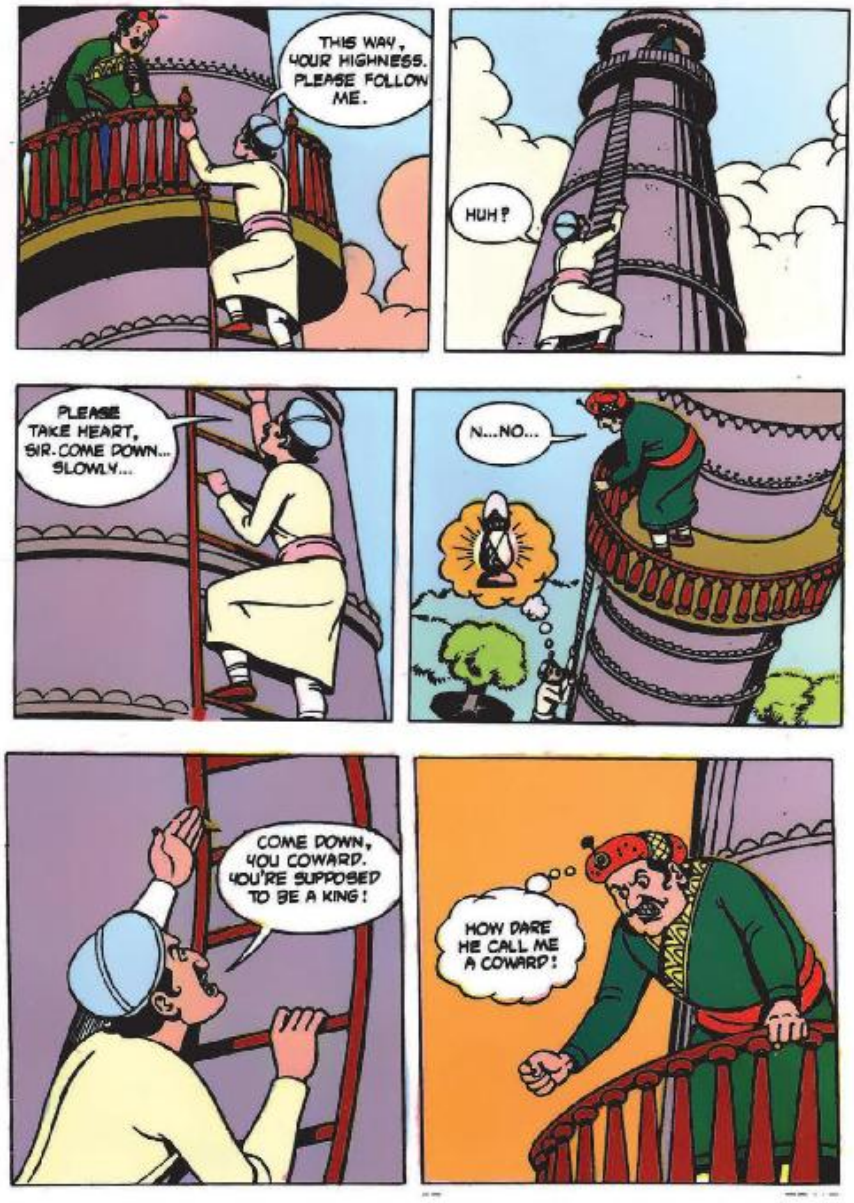
Anger to the Rescue

Based on a story sent by Latief Khan, Srinagar

READERS' CHOICE

Illustrations: Bapu Patil

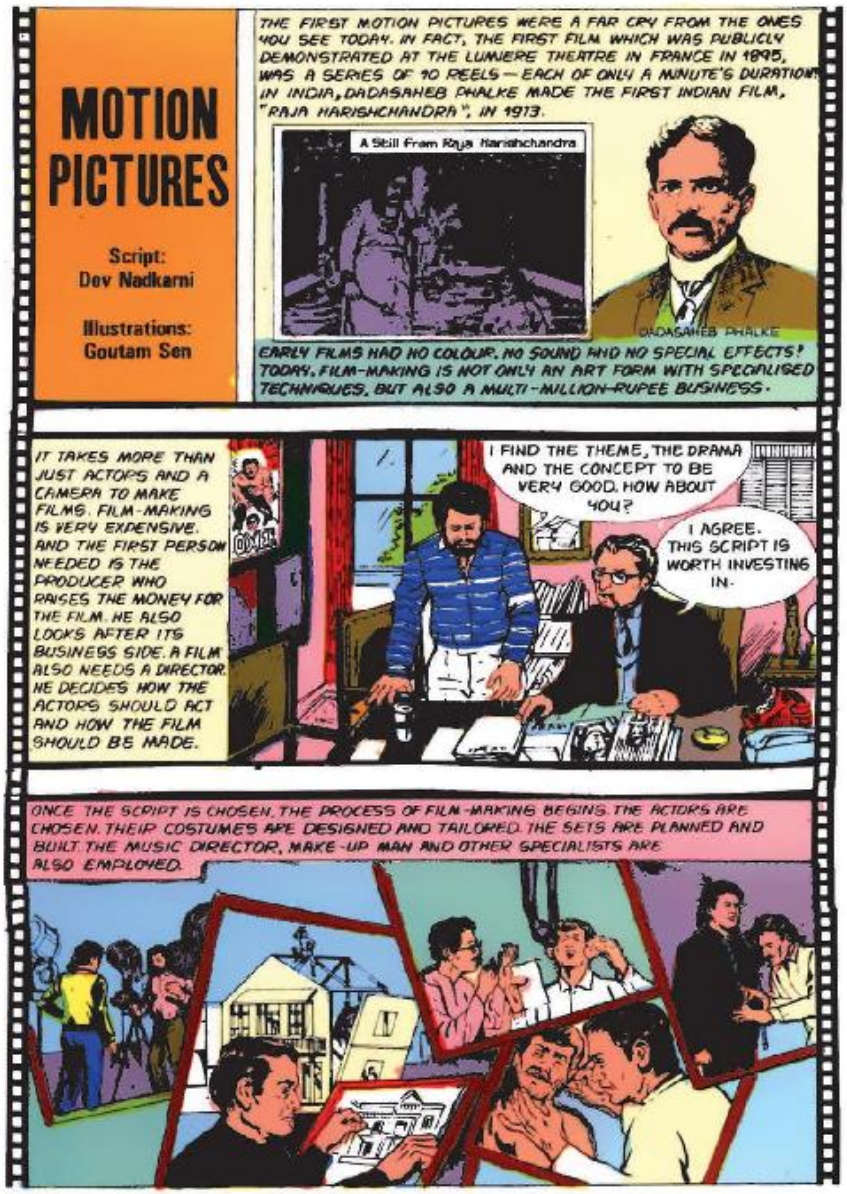


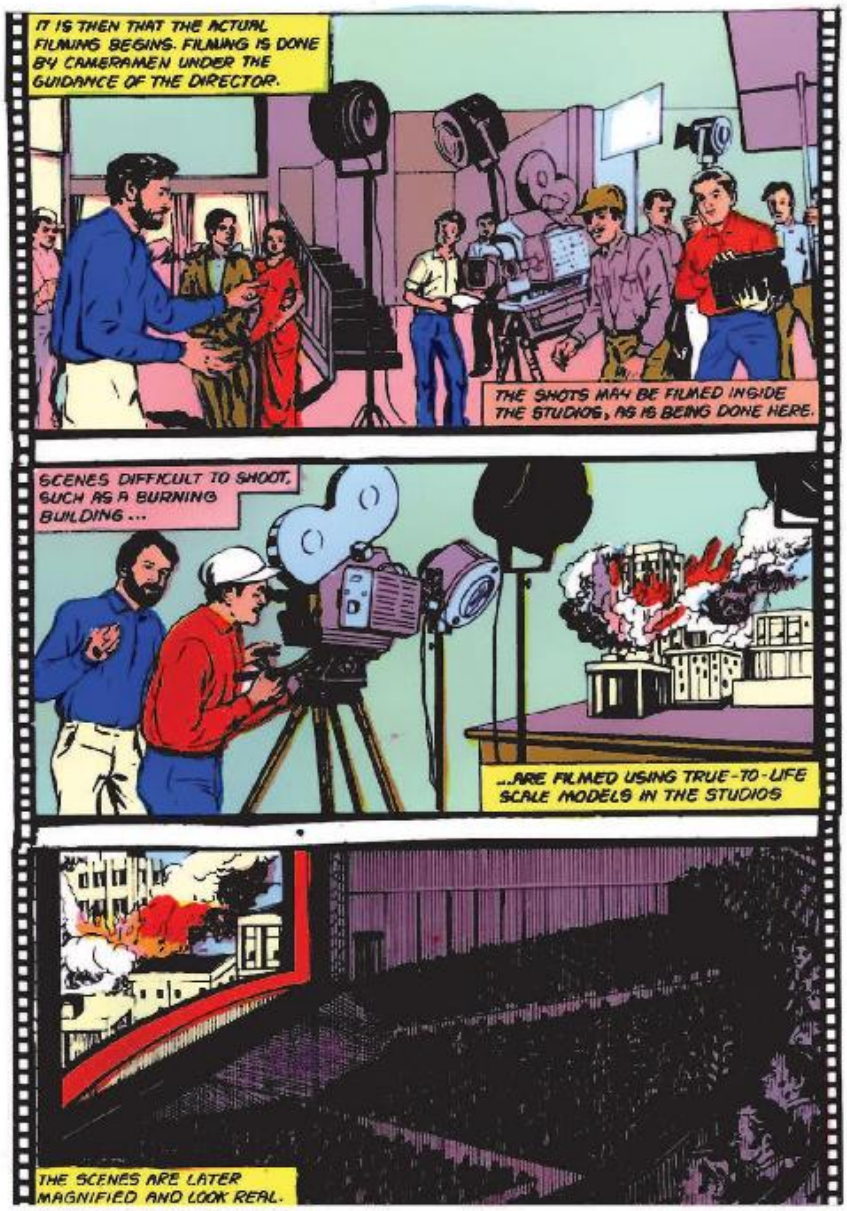

THIS WAY, YOUR HIGHNESS. PLEASE FOLLOW ME.
HUH?
PLEASE TAKE HEART, SIR. COME DOWN... SLOWLY...
N...NO...
COME DOWN, YOU COWARD. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A KING!
HOW DARE HE CALL ME A COWARD!

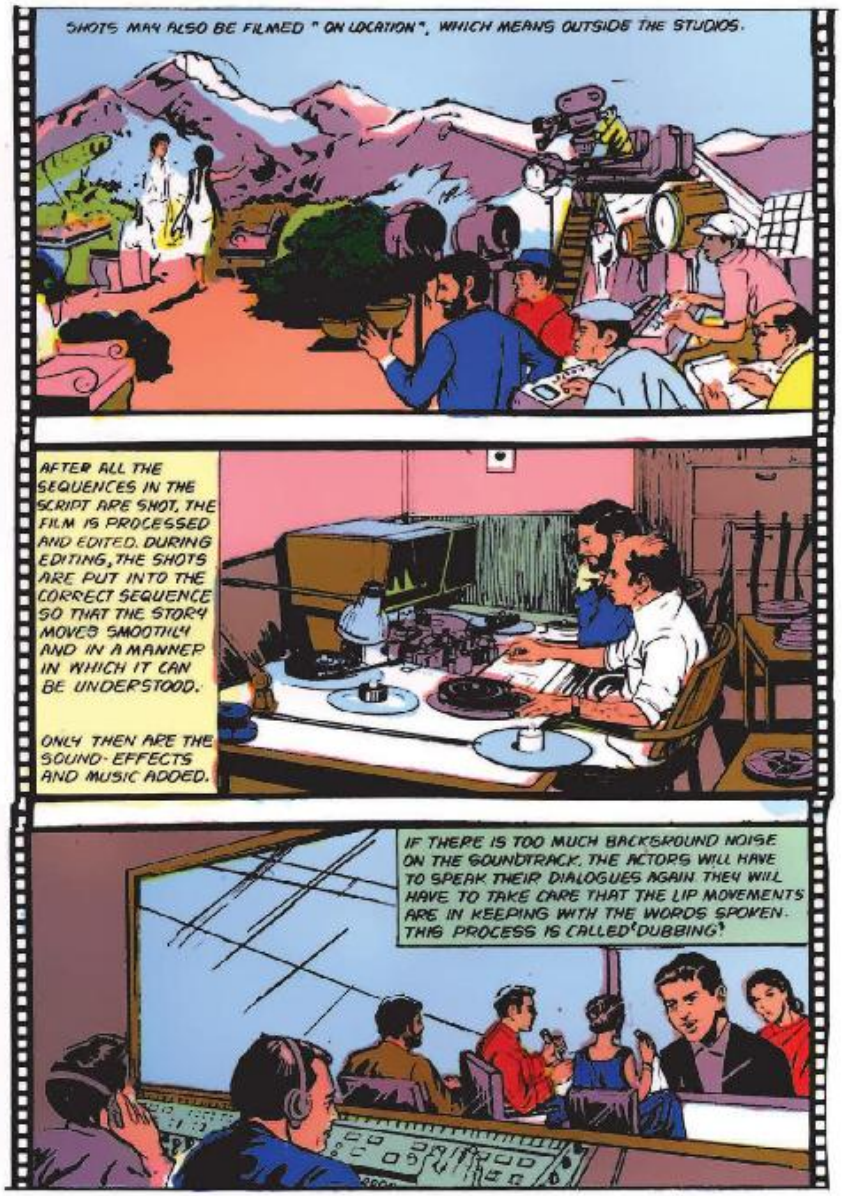
MOTION PICTURES

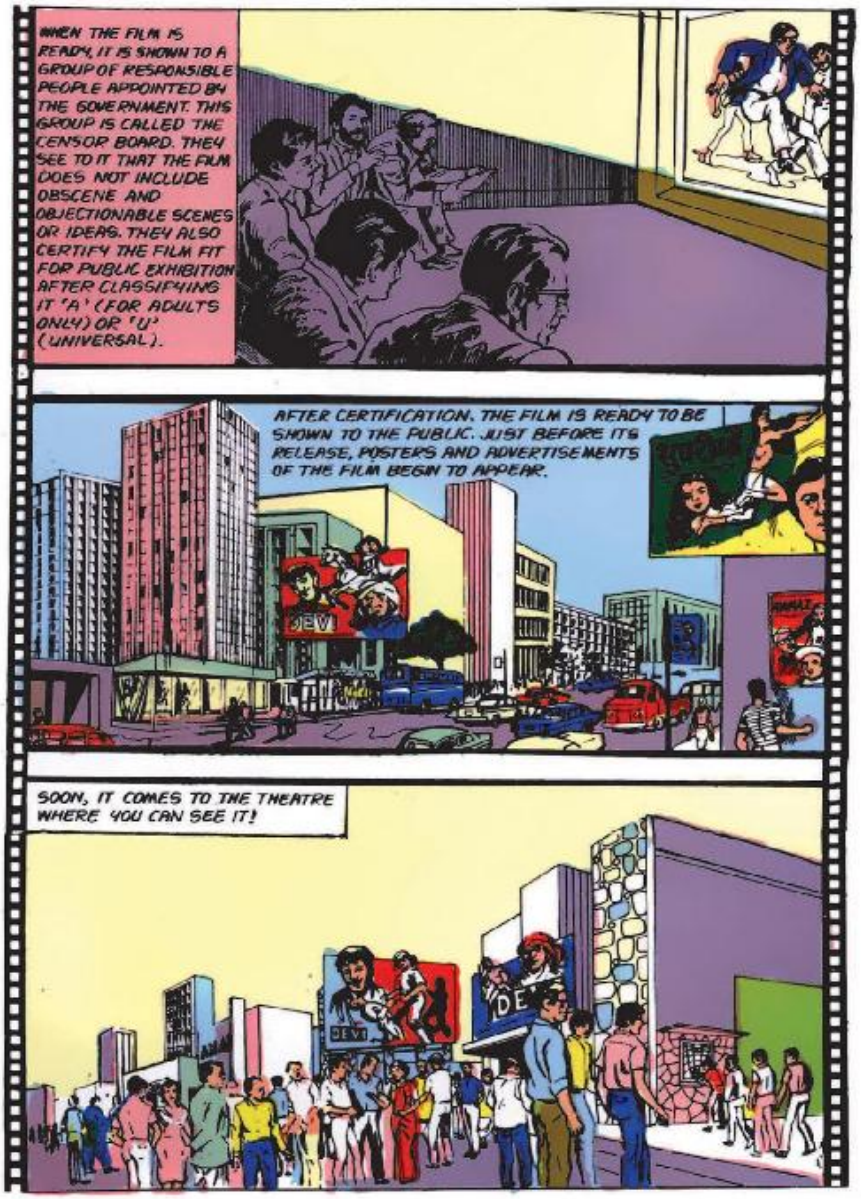
Script:
Dev Nadkarni

Illustrations:
Goutam Sen




IT IS THEN THAT THE ACTUAL FILMING BEGINS. FILMING IS DONE BY CAMERAMEN UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE DIRECTOR.
THE SHOTS MAY BE FILMED INSIDE THE STUDIOS, AS IS BEING DONE HERE.
SCENES DIFFICULT TO SHOOT, SUCH AS A BURNING BUILDING ...
...ARE FILMED USING TRUE-TO-LIFE SCALE MODELS IN THE STUDIOS
THE SCENES ARE LATER MAGNIFIED AND LOOK REAL.


SHOTS MAY ALSO BE FILMED " ON LOCATION ", WHICH MEANS OUTSIDE THE STUDIOS.
AFTER ALL THE SEQUENCES IN THE SCRIPT ARE SHOT, THE FILM IS PROCESSED AND EDITED. DURING EDITING, THE SHOTS ARE PUT INTO THE CORRECT SEQUENCE SO THAT THE STORY MOVES SMOOTHLY AND IN A MANNER IN WHICH IT CAN BE UNDERSTOOD.
ONLY THEN ARE THE SOUND-EFFECTS AND MUSIC ADDED.
IF THERE IS TOO MUCH BACKGROUND NOISE ON THE SOUNDTRACK, THE ACTORS WILL HAVE TO SPEAK THEIR DIALOGUES AGAIN. THEY WILL HAVE TO TAKE CARE THAT THE LIP MOVEMENTS ARE IN KEEPING WITH THE WORDS SPOKEN. THIS PROCESS IS CALLED 'DUBBING'.


WHEN THE FILM IS READY, IT IS SHOWN TO A GROUP OF RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNMENT. THIS GROUP IS CALLED THE CENSOR BOARD. THEY SEE TO IT THAT THE FILM DOES NOT INCLUDE OBSCENE AND OBJECTIONABLE SCENES OR IDEAS. THEY ALSO CERTIFY THE FILM FIT FOR PUBLIC EXHIBITION AFTER CLASSIFYING IT 'A' (FOR ADULTS ONLY) OR 'U' (UNIVERSAL).
AFTER CERTIFICATION, THE FILM IS READY TO BE SHOWN TO THE PUBLIC. JUST BEFORE ITS RELEASE, POSTERS AND ADVERTISEMENTS OF THE FILM BEGIN TO APPEAR.
SOON, IT COMES TO THE THEATRE WHERE YOU CAN SEE IT!

Readers' Choice

CLEANLINESS DRIVE

A Suppandi Tale

Based on a story sent by Limatenijen, Dimapur

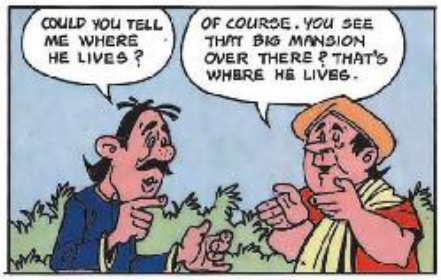
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

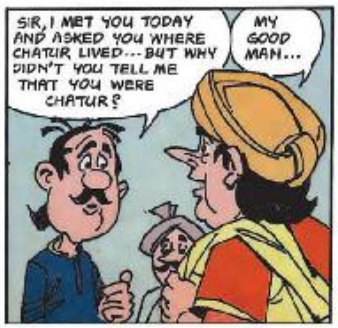
THE RIGHT QUESTION

Based on a story sent by:
Nandan Lalwani
Kopr Colony,
Bldg No. 10 344,
Thane (East)

READERS' CHOICE

Illustrations: Buddhadev





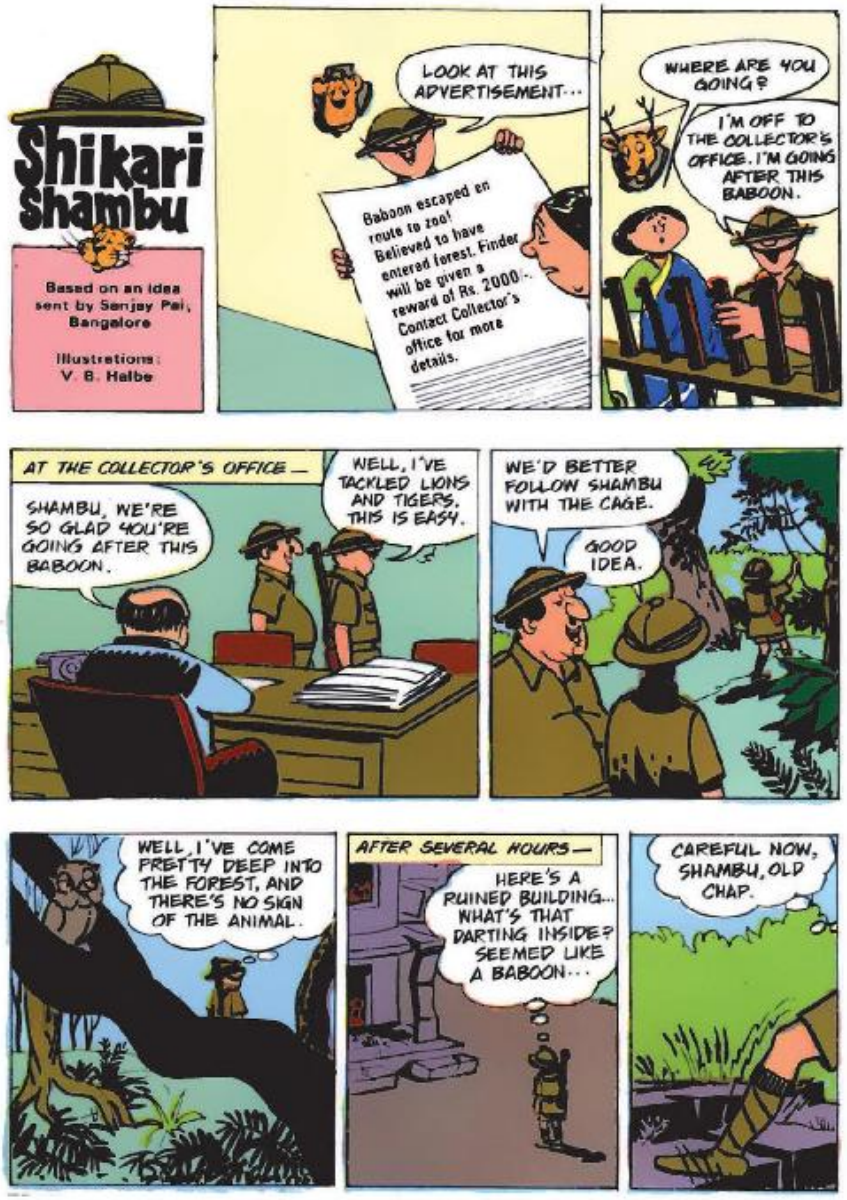
Adventures of SUPPANDI

"TO TAME THE FLAMES"

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

Based on a story sent by Yogesh C.S., Bombay

Readers' Choice


Shikari Shambu
Based on an idea sent by Sanjay Pai, Bangalore
Illustrations: V. B. Halbe
LOOK AT THIS ADVERTISEMENT...
Baboon escaped en route to zoo! Believed to have entered forest. Finder will be given a reward of Rs. 2000/-. Contact Collector's office for more details.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'M OFF TO THE COLLECTOR'S OFFICE. I'M GOING AFTER THIS BABOON.
AT THE COLLECTOR'S OFFICE —
SHAMBU, WE'RE SO GLAD YOU'RE GOING AFTER THIS BABOON.
WELL, I'VE TACKLED LIONS AND TIGERS. THIS IS EASY.
WE'D BETTER FOLLOW SHAMBU WITH THE CAGE.
GOOD IDEA.
WELL, I'VE COME PRETTY DEEP INTO THE FOREST, AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE ANIMAL.
AFTER SEVERAL HOURS —
HERE'S A RUINED BUILDING... WHAT'S THAT DARTING INSIDE? SEEMED LIKE A BABOON...
CAREFUL NOW, SHAMBU, OLD CHAP.

IT'S QUITE DARK IN HERE...
SCARY!
SWOOSH
EEYOW!
I MUST GET AWAY.
MEANWHILE—
I THINK SHAMBU WENT INSIDE THIS BUILDING.
LOOK! THERE'S THE BABOON ON THE BALCONY!
I'LL LEAP FOR THAT BRANCH AND COME DOWN.

LOOK! THE BABOON'S ON THE GROUND. AFTER IT OR HE'LL GET AWAY!
NO, LOOK!
HELP! I'M FALLING!
OOPH!
DID YOU SEE SHAMBU'S LEAP?
YES, THAT WAS SPLENDID! BETTER THAN TARZAN!
THAT WAS A REMARKABLE FEAT, SHAMBU!
YES, YOU'VE REALLY EARNED THE REWARD!
OH! IT WAS NOTHING REALLY.

ONE MORE VICTIM

Readers' Choice

Illustrations : Ram Waserkar

Based on a story sent by K.P. Satish Kumar, Bombay

HORROR MOVIE

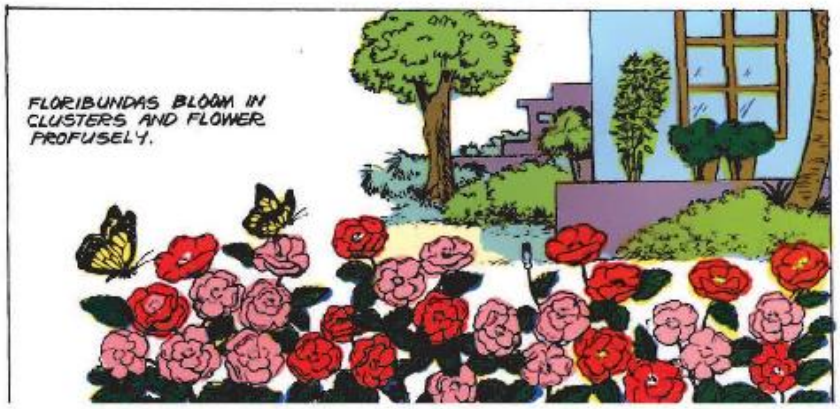
READERS' CHOICE

Illustrations: Suresh Kshirsagar

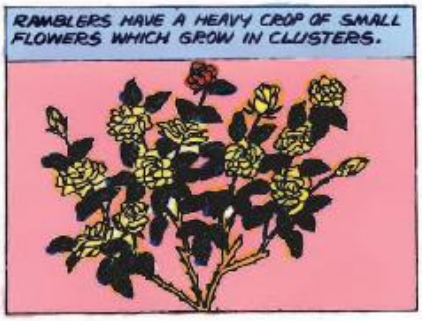
Based on a story sent by Tagender Singh House No. 101, Sector A, Chandimandir Cantt., Haryana.

THE ROSE

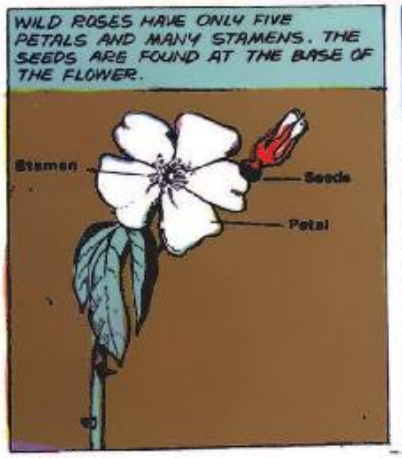
Material provided by Durga Isloor
Illustrations: Anand Mande



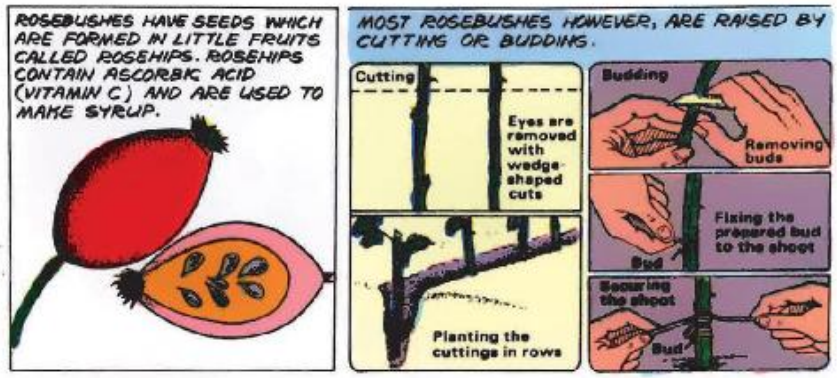
CLIMBERS ARE GROWN TO COVER WALLS AND FENCES. ALTHOUGH THEY GROW SLOWLY, THEY LIVE LONGER. THE FLOWERS ARE INDIVIDUAL AND BLOOM IN SUMMER.

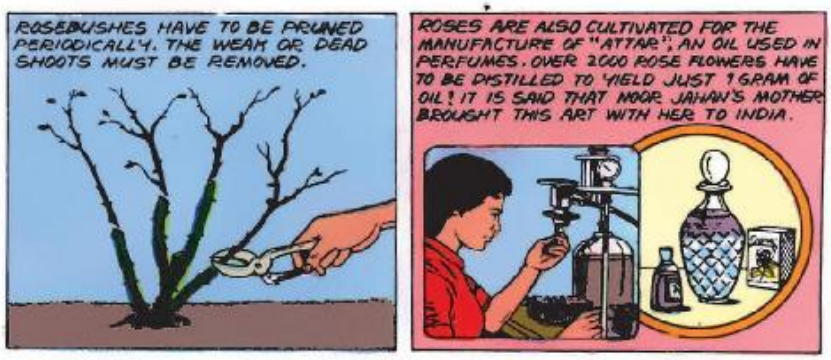

RAMBLERS HAVE A HEAVY CROP OF SMALL FLOWERS WHICH GROW IN CLUSTERS.

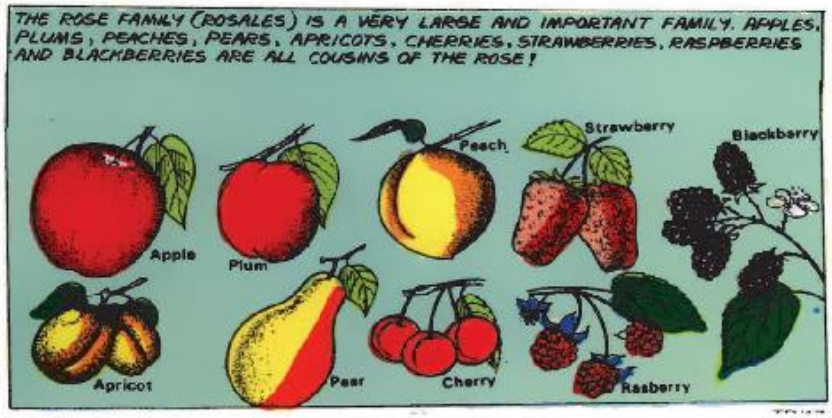
MINIATURE ROSES ARE VERY SMALL AND IDEAL FOR ROCK GARDENS AND WINDOW BOXES.

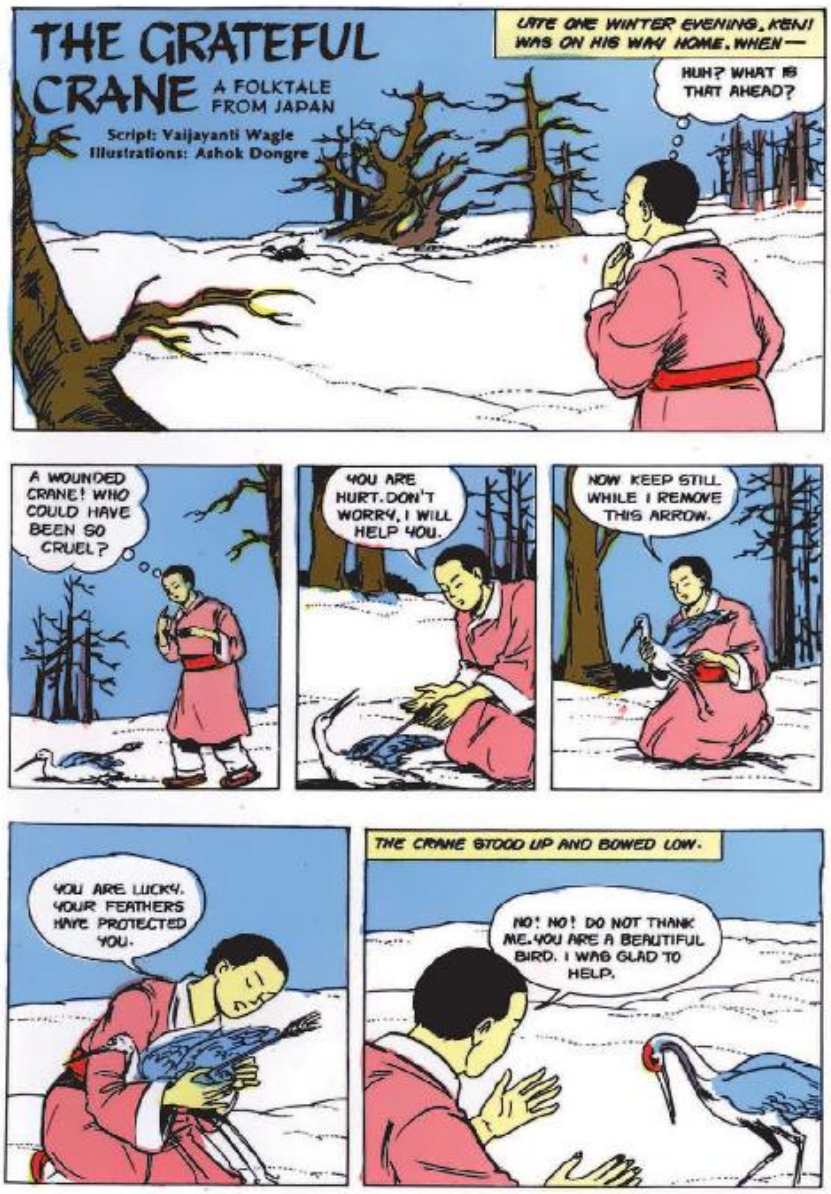

WILD ROSES HAVE ONLY FIVE PETALS AND MANY STAMENS. THE SEEDS ARE FOUND AT THE BASE OF THE FLOWER.
Stamen
Seeds
Petal

CULTIVATED OR HYBRID ROSES HAVE MANY PETALS AND COMPOUND LEAVES (LEAVES DIVIDED INTO LEAFLETS). THE STEMS HAVE THORNS — THESE PROTECT THE PLANT FROM BEING EATEN BY ANIMALS.


ROSEBUSHES HAVE SEEDS WHICH ARE FORMED IN LITTLE FRUITS CALLED ROSEHIPS. ROSEHIPS CONTAIN ASCORBIC ACID (VITAMIN C) AND ARE USED TO MAKE SYRUP.
MOST ROSEBUSHES HOWEVER, ARE RAISED BY CUTTING OR BUDDING.
Cutting
Eyes are removed with wedge-shaped cuts
Planting the cuttings in rows
Budding
Removing buds
Fixing the prepared bud to the shoot
Bud
Securing the shoot
Bud

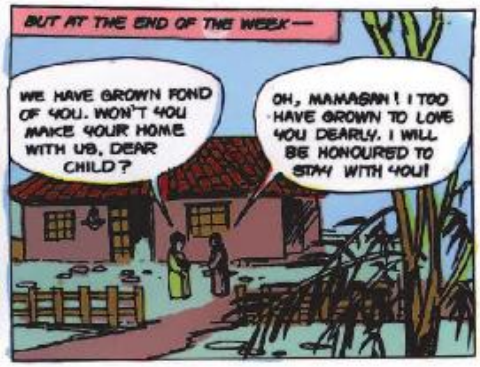

ROSEBUSHES HAVE TO BE PRUNED PERIODICALLY. THE WEAK OR DEAD SHOOTS MUST BE REMOVED.
ROSES ARE ALSO CULTIVATED FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF "ATTAR", AN OIL USED IN PERFUMES. OVER 2000 ROSE FLOWERS HAVE TO BE DISTILLED TO YIELD JUST 1 GRAM OF OIL! IT IS SAID THAT NOOR JAHAN'S MOTHER BROUGHT THIS ART WITH HER TO INDIA.


THE ROSE FAMILY (ROSALES) IS A VERY LARGE AND IMPORTANT FAMILY. APPLES, PLUMS, PEACHES, PEARS, APRICOTS, CHERRIES, STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES AND BLACKBERRIES ARE ALL COUSINS OF THE ROSE!
Apple
Plum
Peach
Strawberry
Blackberry
Apricot
Pear
Cherry
Rasberry


THE GRATEFUL CRANE
A FOLKTALE FROM JAPAN
Script: Vaijayanti Wagle
Illustrations: Ashok Dongre
LATE ONE WINTER EVENING, KENJI WAS ON HIS WAY HOME. WHEN—
HUH? WHAT IS THAT AHEAD?
A WOUNDED CRANE! WHO COULD HAVE BEEN SO CRUEL?
YOU ARE HURT. DON'T WORRY, I WILL HELP YOU.
NOW KEEP STILL WHILE I REMOVE THIS ARROW.
YOU ARE LUCKY. YOUR FEATHERS HAVE PROTECTED YOU.
THE CRANE STOOD UP AND BOWED LOW.
NO! NO! DO NOT THANK ME. YOU ARE A BEAUTIFUL BIRD. I WAS GLAD TO HELP.

WITH A FLUTTER OF ITS WINGS THE CRANE FLEW AWAY INTO THE AIR AND THEN KEIJI RETURNED HOME.
THE DAYS PASSED. ONE DAY, WHILE KEIJI AND HIS FATHER WERE WORKING IN THE FIELDS, A LOST YOUNG ORPHAN GIRL ARRIVED AT THEIR HOME.
KIND LADY, CAN YOU TELL ME THE PATH OUT OF THESE WOODS?
WHY, CERTAINLY, MY CHILD.
BUT YOU LOOK TIRED. SPEND THE NIGHT HERE. TOMORROW YOU CAN CONTINUE YOUR JOURNEY, REFRESHED.
THAT WOULD BE VERY NICE, THANK YOU.
THROUGHOUT THE DAY THE GRATFUL GIRL HELPED KEIJI'S OLD MOTHER IN THE HOUSE.
WHAT A NICE YOUNG GIRL.
IN THE EVENING KEIJI AND HIS FATHER RETURNED FROM THE FIELDS.
HMM, THE AROMA OF DELICIOUS FOOD FILLS THE AIR.
THANK OUR NEW GUEST, MIDORI. SHE HAS CLEANED THE HOUSE AND COOKED OUR DINNER.
SOON—
YOU HAVE BEEN SUCH A HELP TO MY MOTHER.
YES, MIDORI. WHY DON'T YOU STAY A WHILE LONGER?

DO STAY, MIDORI.
YOU ARE ALL SO KIND. I WILL STAY A WEEK LONGER.

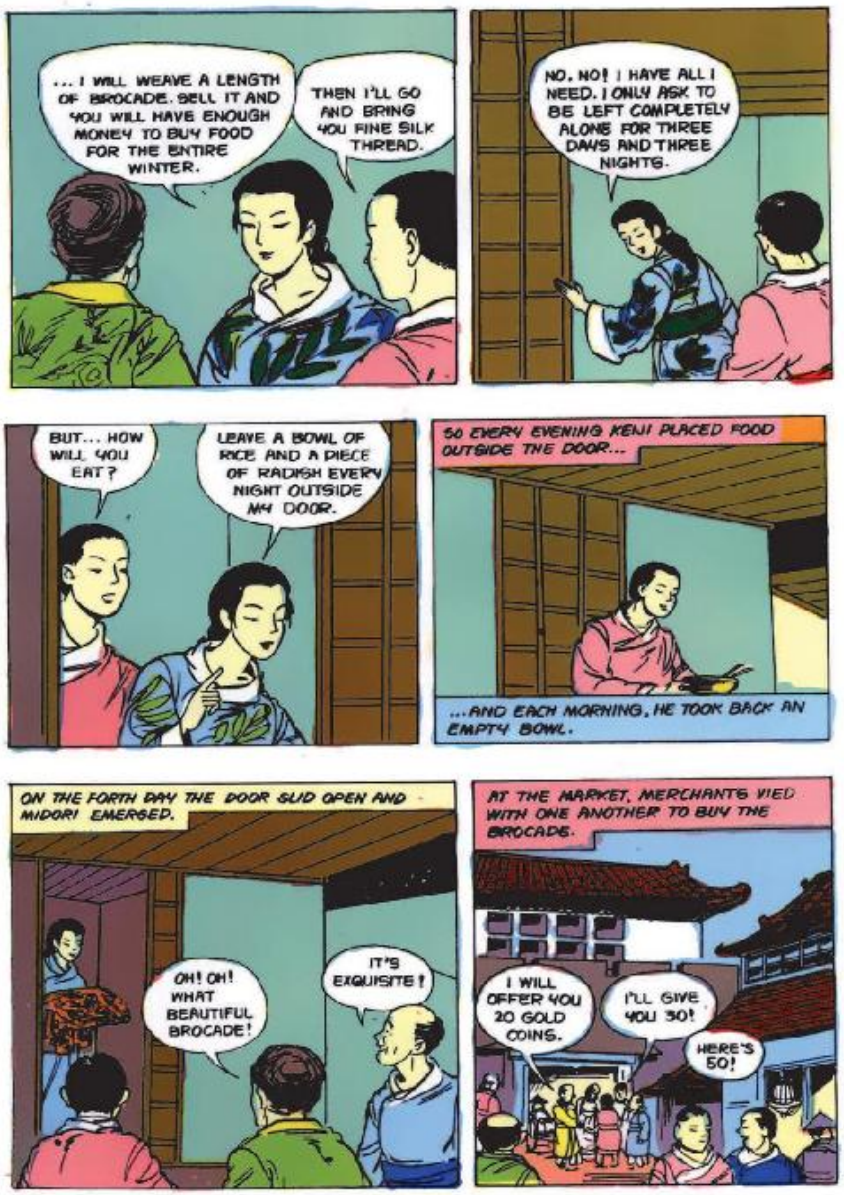

BUT AT THE END OF THE WEEK—
WE HAVE GROWN FOND OF YOU. WON'T YOU MAKE YOUR HOME WITH US, DEAR CHILD?
OH, MAMASAN! I TOO HAVE GROWN TO LOVE YOU DEARLY. I WILL BE HONOURED TO STAY WITH YOU!

AS THE WEEKS PASSED THE FAMILY LIVED TOGETHER HAPPILY AND IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE KEIJI FELL IN LOVE WITH MIDORI.
MIDORI! MIDORI! I HOPE YOU WILL MARRY ME SOMEDAY.

BUT TROUBLED TIMES WERE AHEAD. ONE DAY—
ALAS, THE HARVEST HAS BEEN RUINED BY THE EARLY FROST. WE SHALL BE VERY POOR IN THE COMING MONTHS.

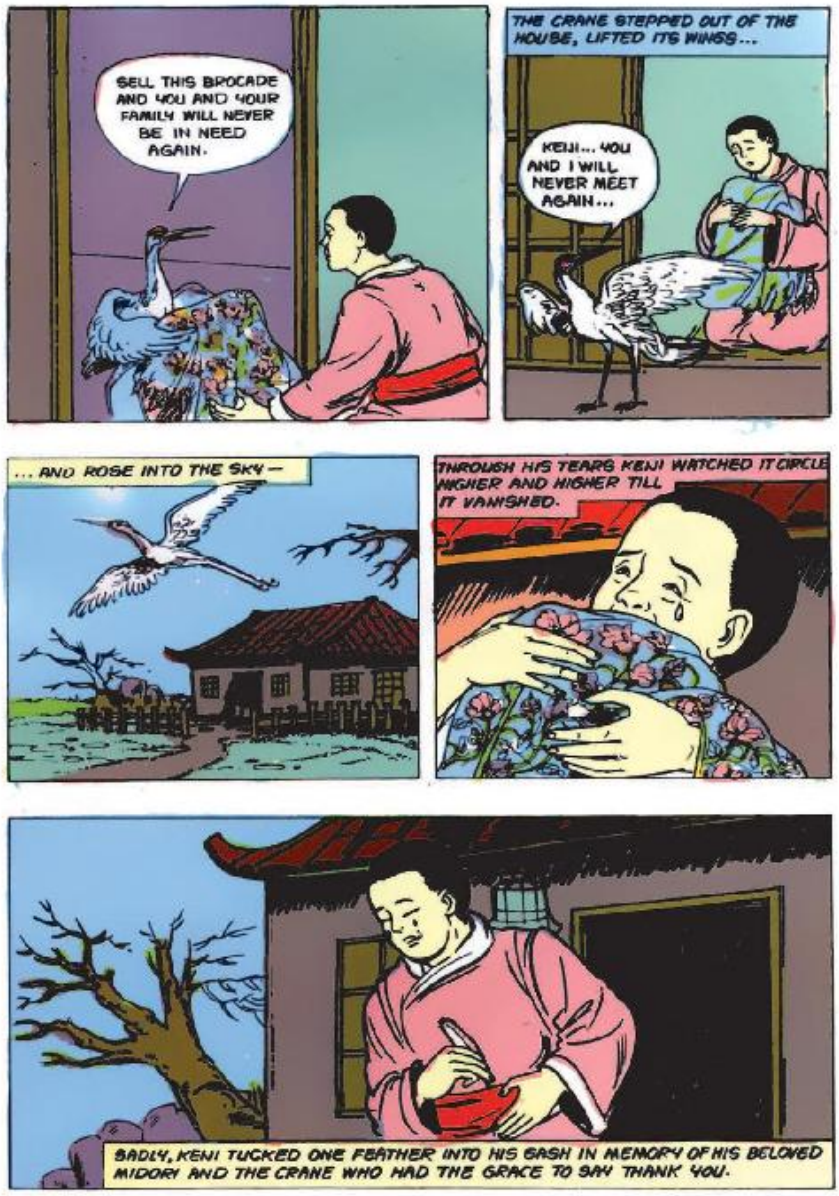
MIDORI WAS DEEPLY DISTRESSED.
HONOURABLE FATHER! I MUST LEAVE THEN, FOR I SHALL ONLY BE A BURDEN TO YOU.
NO! HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT?

YOU HAVE DONE SO MUCH FOR US.
WELL, THEN I WILL. BUT YOU MUST LET ME HELP YOU...
PLEASE STAY!


... I WILL WEAVE A LENGTH OF BROCADE. SELL IT AND YOU WILL HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY FOOD FOR THE ENTIRE WINTER.
THEN I'LL GO AND BRING YOU FINE SILK THREAD.
NO, NO! I HAVE ALL I NEED. I ONLY ASK TO BE LEFT COMPLETELY ALONE FOR THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS.
BUT... HOW WILL YOU EAT?
LEAVE A BOWL OF RICE AND A PIECE OF RADISH EVERY NIGHT OUTSIDE MY DOOR.
SO EVERY EVENING KENJI PLACED FOOD OUTSIDE THE DOOR...
...AND EACH MORNING, HE TOOK BACK AN EMPTY BOWL.
ON THE FORTH DAY THE DOOR SLID OPEN AND MIDORI EMERGED.
OH! OH! WHAT BEAUTIFUL BROCADE!
IT'S EXQUISITE!
AT THE MARKET, MERCHANTS VIED WITH ONE ANOTHER TO BUY THE BROCADE.
I WILL OFFER YOU 20 GOLD COINS.
I'LL GIVE YOU 30!
HERE'S 50!

THAT EVENING KEWI CAME HOME WITH A BAG FULL OF GOLD COINS.
WHEN SPRING CAME, MIDORI DECIDED TO WEAVE ANOTHER LENGTH OF BROCADE.
THIS TIME, MAMASAN, I HOPE YOU WILL GET ENOUGH MONEY SO THAT YOU MAY NEVER BE IN NEED.
THE FAMILY PROMISED NOT TO DISTURB HER AS MIDORI SHUT HERSELF IN A ROOM.
EVERY EVENING KEWI PLACED A BOWL OF RICE AND RADISH OUTSIDE MIDORI'S DOOR.
OH, MY BELOVED. YOU SIT IN THERE ALONE. WORKING HARD FOR US.
SURELY I CAN BE OF SOME USE...
I MUST GO IN AND HELP YOU.

TREMBLING WITH EXCITEMENT, KEWI SLID THE DOOR OPEN.
FORGIVE ME FOR DISTURBING YOU, BUT...!...
THERE WAS A FLUTTER OF WINGS AND...
WHERE IS MY MIDORI? WHO ARE YOU?
I AM THE CRANE YOU RESCUED LONG AGO. I TOOK THE FORM OF A WOMAN TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR GREAT KINDNESS.
BUT...BUT...
AH, KEWI! HAD YOU BUT KEPT YOUR PROMISE AND NOT DISTURBED ME, I WOULD HAVE GIVEN UP BEING A CRANE FOREVER!
OH, BUT DO FORGIVE ME!
WE WOULD HAVE GOT MARRIED. FOR I KNOW YOU LOVE ME DEARLY AND I TOO HAVE GROWN TO LOVE YOU...
OH, MIDORI!
...BUT NOW THAT CANNOT BE. THE SPELL IS BROKEN...

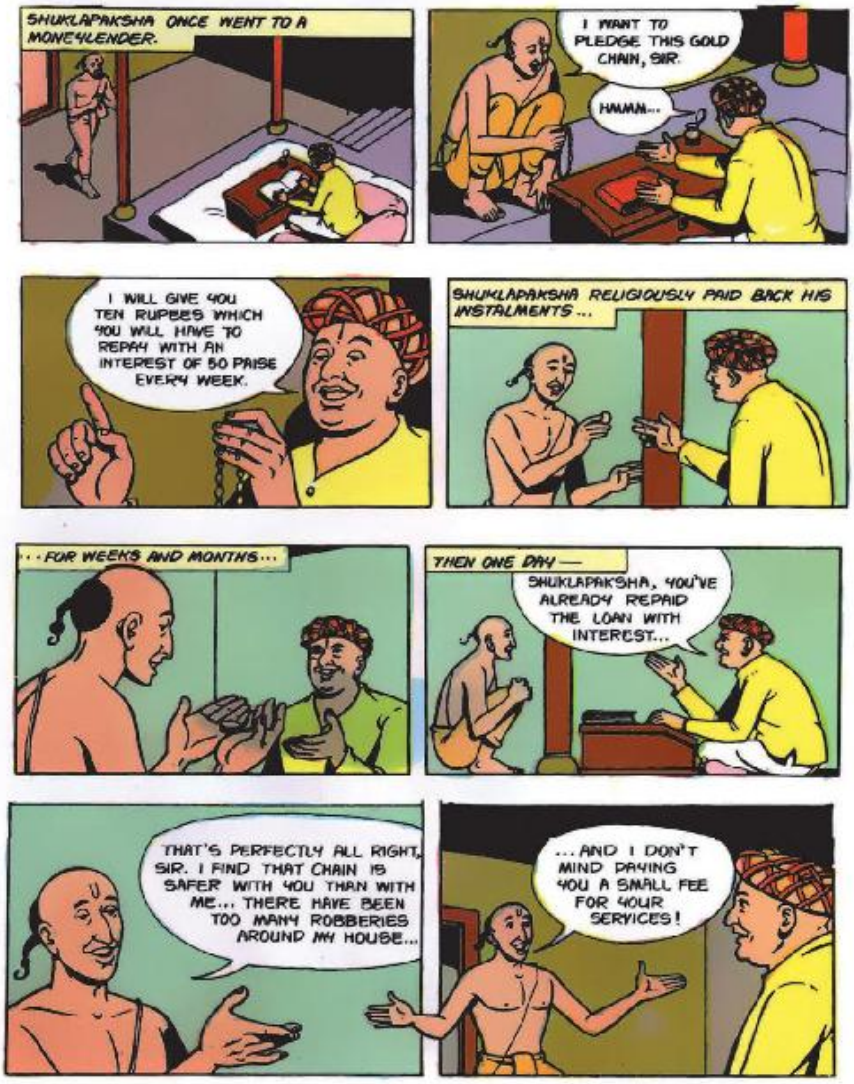

SELL THIS BROCADE AND YOU AND YOUR FAMILY WILL NEVER BE IN NEED AGAIN.
THE CRANE STEPPED OUT OF THE HOUSE, LIFTED ITS WINGS...
KENJI... YOU AND I WILL NEVER MEET AGAIN...
... AND ROSE INTO THE SKY —
THROUGH HIS TEARS KENJI WATCHED IT CIRCLE HIGHER AND HIGHER TILL IT VANISHED.
SADLY, KENI TUCKED ONE FEATHER INTO HIS SASH IN MEMORY OF HIS BELOVED MIDORI AND THE CRANE WHO HAD THE GRACE TO SAY THANK YOU.

Readers' Choice

THE PLEDGE

Illustrations : Bapu Patil

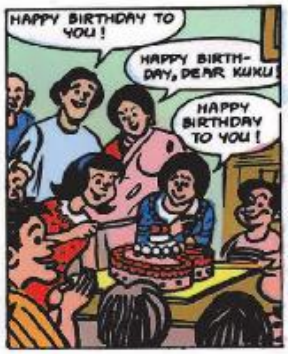
Based on a story sent by Lalita Jayaraman, Bombay



'CHOR' Lalmon Plays Policeman

Story: Swapna Dutta
Script: Dev Nadkarni
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

This story won the Consolation Prize in the Tinkle Original Story Competition



LATER —
LET'S PUT HIM UP HERE.
HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF A NAME FOR HIM, KUKU?
YES, I HAVE. LET'S CALL HIM LALMON.
HEE, HEE! LALMON, LALMON!! TOWEET TOOWEET TOOWEEEEET!!!
RATHER NOISY, ISN'T HE?
HE SOUNDS SO MUCH LIKE A HUMAN BEING.
DING DONG DING DONG
I'LL GET IT.
AH, MR MEHTA! COME IN, COME IN.
M.K. SHARMA
HOW'RE YOU, MR SHARMA?
FINE, PLEASE SIT DOWN.
SOON —
...AND THE NEXT HEARING IS SCHEDULED FOR THE 20 TH...
HEARING ON THE 20TH—BALDY, SHORTY, FATSO!
?

RE... RELAX, MR MEHTA, THAT'S ONLY OUR PARROT...
THAT CLEAR VOICE IS THAT OF A PARROT?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT— IT MUST BE YOUR LITTLE GIRL!
N... NO, I ASSURE YOU. IT'S NOT KUKU!
I DON'T BELIEVE IN SPOILING CHILDREN EVEN IF IT WERE TO BE AN ONLY CHILD!
BUT... BUT...
I THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I SAW YOU IN YOUR OFFICE...
P... PLEASE, MR MEHTA.
STUPID PARROT!
STUPID PARROT! STUPID MEHTA... FATSO, BALDY, FATSO.
KUKU!
YES, PAPA.
I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF LALMON.
WHY, WHAT HAPPENED?
AW!

HE MADE FUN OF MY NEW CLIENT! HE'LL RUIN MY PROFESSION IF HE KEEPS DOING THIS ALL THE TIME!
PAPA, PLEASE LET HIM BE...
I PROMISE TO TEACH HIM TO BEHAVE HIMSELF, SAY NICE THINGS.
NICE THINGS, NICE THINGS, THRING, THRONG. JING, JONG!
NO, KUKU, I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER PARROT — MAYBE TWO. BUT WE MUST GET RID OF LALMON.
OH, HE'S SO SWEET.
I AGREE WITH YOUR FATHER, KUKU. YOUR GRANDMA AND GRANDPA WILL SOON BE HERE TO VISIT US AND CAN YOU IMAGINE LALMON TEASING THEM!
OKAY, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, MA.
OUT YOU GO, LALMON.
OUT, OUT, OUT YOU GO, LALMON!
THERE HE GOES! B'BYE LALMON.
B'BYE, B'BYE! KUU... KUKU KUKU.
WE'LL GET YOU ANOTHER ONE, KUKU. DON'T BE SAD.
SIGH.
AND KUKU BID A TEARFUL FAREWELL TO HER NAUGHTY PET.
BUT LALMON NEVER LEFT THE SHARMA HOUSEHOLD.
HELLO, HELLO, KUKUKUKU.
LA-LALMON! YOU'RE BACK!

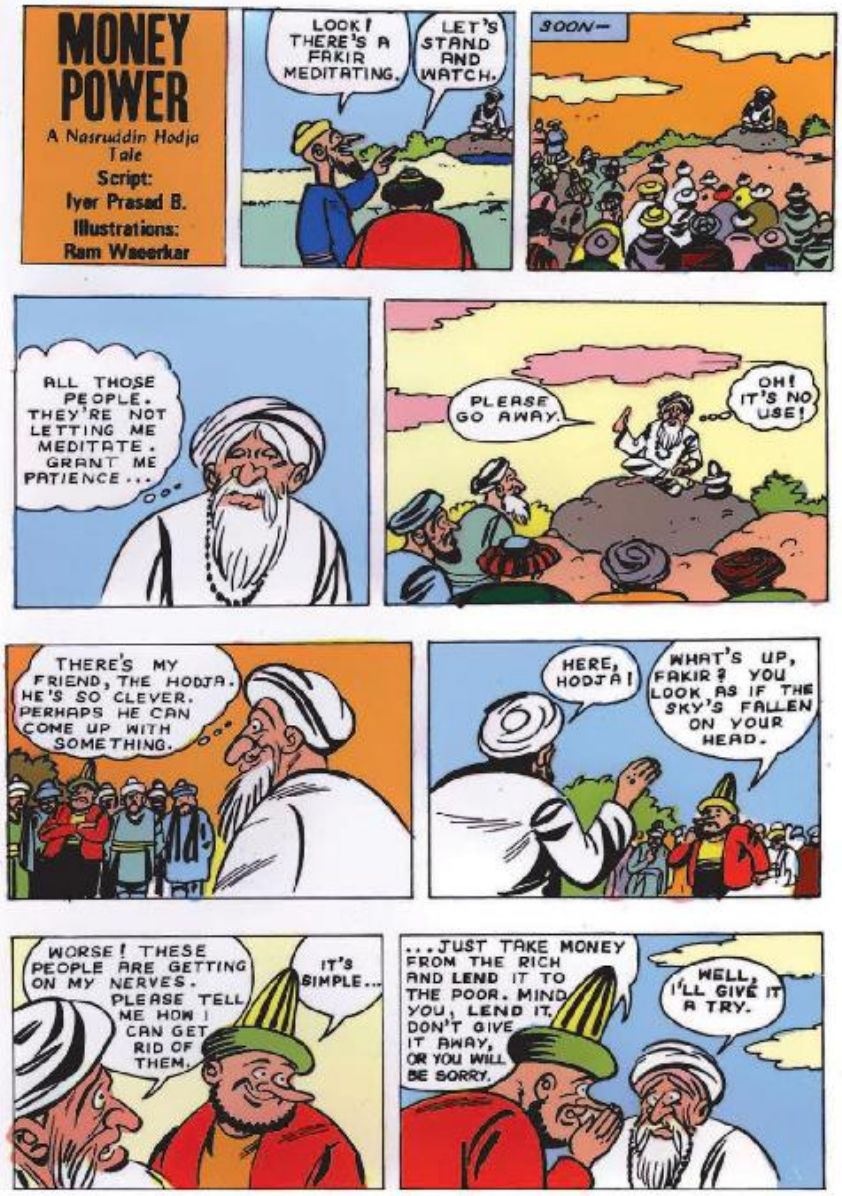
MUMMY, PAPA, LALMON IS BACK!
LALMON IS BACK. HEH, HEH, HEH.
...AND SOON ENOUGH, LALMON BECAME AN EVEN GREATER MENACE BECAUSE OF HIS NEW-FOUND FREEDOM!
KUKU, KUKU, DO YOUR HOME-WORK.
A LI'L MORE SALT, A LI'L MORE SALT.
FATSO, SHORTY, BALDY.
WE WERE BETTER OFF WHEN YOU WERE IN A CAGE!
A FEW DAYS LATER, AS EXPECTED, KUKU'S GRANDPARENTS ARRIVED—
KUKU, MY DARLING, HOW'RE YOU?
DARLING! HOW'RE YOU, GRANNY.
GRANNY!
NAUGHTY BIRD! TEASING ME LIKE THAT!!
NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, GRANNY!
IS THAT YOUR PET, KUKU?
WELL, YES AND NO.
IT'S LIKE THIS...

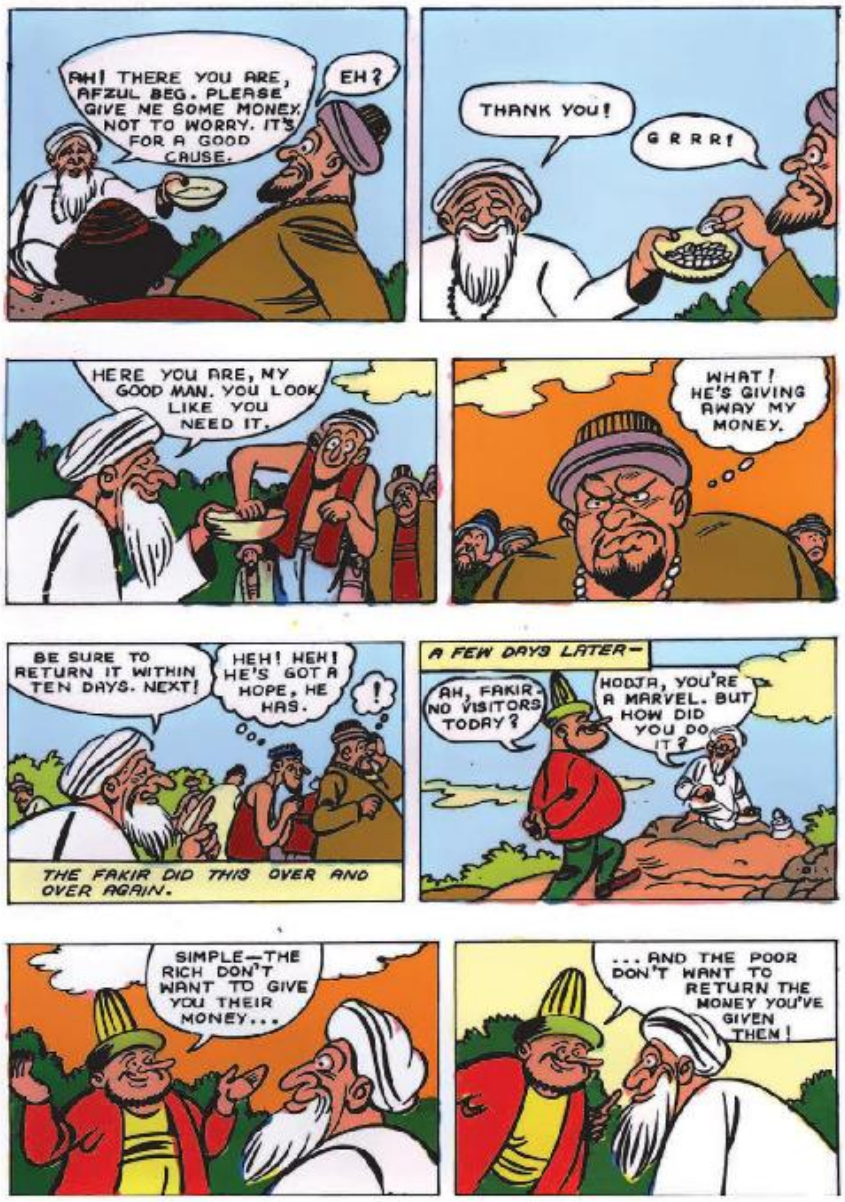
WHATEVER IT IS— I'VE NEVER LIKED NAUGHTY, MISCHIEVOUS PETS!
NEVER LIKED... NEVER LIKED... NAUGHTY GRANNY!
GET OUT, WILL YOU!
WE USED TO HAVE MANY PARROTS. IN FACT, YOUR GRANDPA IS A GOOD TRAINER OF PARROTS. BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE AS NAUGHTY AS THIS.
NOW, NOW! RELAX, MOTHER.
AND THE MISCHIEF CONTINUED —
CHOR, CHOR, LALMON! GIVE ME MY SPECS.
CHOR, CHOR.
GRANNY, GRANNY. NAUGHTY, GRANNY.
WILL YOU ALLOW ME TO AT LEAST SLEEP A WHILE?
ONE EVENING —
WE MUST GET RID OF THAT PARROT, SEEMA!
WE'VE TRIED THAT BEFORE, MOTHER, BUT IT NEVER LEAVES THE HOUSE!
I'VE GOT A PLAN. TOMORROW, ONCE HE'S IN, WE'LL SHUT ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS AND GET RAMU THE GARDENER TO CATCH HIM.
WE'LL THEN PUT HIM IN A CAGE AND SEND HIM TO MEERUT, MATHURA OR SOME SUCH PLACE.
WE'LL DO IT WHEN KUKU IS AWAY AND WON'T LET HER KNOW. WE'LL JUST TELL HER THAT LALMON FLEW AWAY.
OH NO! POOR LALMON.

THAT NIGHT —
DEAR GOD, WHY CAN'T YOU MAKE LALMON LESS NAUGHTY SO THAT MUMMY AND PAPA AND GRANNY LIKE HIM... SO THAT I CAN KEEP HIM HERE?
A LITTLE WHILE LATER —
SUDDENLY —
?
CHOR, CHOR!
KUKU CHOR, MUMMY CHOR, PAPA CHOR CHOR, CHOR WAKE UP, WAKE UP.
NAUGHTY GRANNY NAUGHTY GRANNY, CHOR, CHOR.
OH, OH THAT SILLY PARROT!
COME, COME, PAPA, PAPA COME.
QUIET, YOU FOOL.
CHOR...
?

RAMU, RAMU! CATCH THE THIEF.
AND SOON —
IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF LALMON.
YES, WE OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL TO HIM.
NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY GRANNY!
ARE YOU STILL GOING TO CATCH LALMON AND SEND HIM TO MEERUT OR MATHURA...
BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW, KUKU?
I...I WAS LISTENING, GRANNY.
WELL YES. WE'RE GOING TO CATCH HIM...
REALLY?
...BUT WE WON'T SEND HIM AWAY. WE'LL ASK GRANDPA TO TRAIN HIM.
SUCH A FINE BIRD. IT'LL BE A PLEASURE ...WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?
OH BOY!
SO KUKU. GOD HAS ANSWERED YOUR PRAYERS, HASN'T HE?
BUT, BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?
I TOO WAS LISTENING, MY DEAR KUKU.
NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY GRANDMA.
YEA, YEA NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY GRANNY.

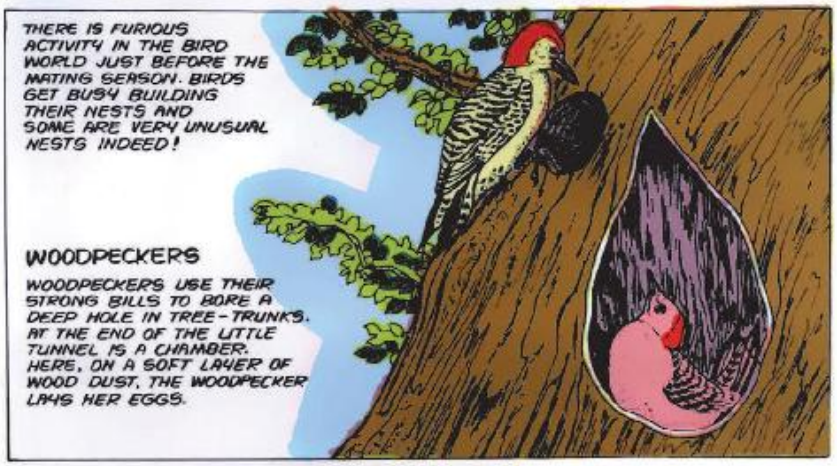
BAGGING A SEAT
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar
Readers' Choice
Based on a story sent by Huma Mustafa, Srinagar
A YOUNG MAN ONCE GOT INTO A CROWDED TRAIN.
IT'S PACKED... LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO TRAVEL STANDING.
HEY! THERE'S A VACANT SEAT OVER THERE.
EXCUSE ME, IS THIS YOUR BAG?
NO. IT'S NOT. IT BELONGS TO MY FRIEND.
WOULD YOU MIND KEEPING IT ON THE OVERHEAD RACK?
MY FRIEND IS GOING TO JOIN ME SOON. TILL HE DOES THE BAG MUST REMAIN HERE.
JUST THEN, THE TRAIN STARTED.
OH! MY BAG!
WHY DID YOU DO THAT?
SINCE YOUR FRIEND MISSED THE TRAIN...
...I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO LOSE HIS BAG AS WELL!


MONEY POWER
A Nasruddin Hodja Tale
Script: Iyer Prasad B.
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar
LOOK! THERE'S A FAKIR MEDITATING.
LET'S STAND AND WATCH.
SOON—
ALL THOSE PEOPLE. THEY'RE NOT LETTING ME MEDITATE. GRANT ME PATIENCE...
PLEASE GO AWAY.
OH! IT'S NO USE!
THERE'S MY FRIEND, THE HODJA. HE'S SO CLEVER. PERHAPS HE CAN COME UP WITH SOMETHING.
HERE, HODJA!
WHAT'S UP, FAKIR? YOU LOOK AS IF THE SKY'S FALLEN ON YOUR HEAD.
WORSE! THESE PEOPLE ARE GETTING ON MY NERVES. PLEASE TELL ME HOW I CAN GET RID OF THEM.
IT'S SIMPLE...
...JUST TAKE MONEY FROM THE RICH AND LEND IT TO THE POOR. MIND YOU, LEND IT, DON'T GIVE IT AWAY, OR YOU WILL BE SORRY.
WELL, I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.


AH! THERE YOU ARE, AFZUL BEG. PLEASE GIVE ME SOME MONEY. NOT TO WORRY. IT'S FOR A GOOD CAUSE.
EH?
THANK YOU!
G R R R!
HERE YOU ARE, MY GOOD MAN. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU NEED IT.
WHAT! HE'S GIVING AWAY MY MONEY.
BE SURE TO RETURN IT WITHIN TEN DAYS. NEXT!
HEH! HEH! HE'S GOT A HOPE, HE HAS.
!
THE FAKIR DID THIS OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
A FEW DAYS LATER—
AH, FAKIR. NO VISITORS TODAY?
HODJA, YOU'RE A MARVEL. BUT HOW DID YOU DO IT?
SIMPLE—THE RICH DON'T WANT TO GIVE YOU THEIR MONEY...
... AND THE POOR DON'T WANT TO RETURN THE MONEY YOU'VE GIVEN THEM!

BIRDS' NESTS

Script: Vaijayanti Wagle
Illustrations: Goutam Sen



WEAVER BIRDS
THESE ARE NOT THE FRUITS OF A PALM TREE. THEY ARE THE HANGING NESTS OF THE WEAVER BIRD. WEAVER BIRDS CUT FINE STRIPS FROM PALM FRONDS OR GRASS STEMS. THE STRIPS ARE WOVEN INTO A NEAT HOLLOW BALL. THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEST IS A LONG, DOWNWARD-POINTING TUBE.

SWIFTLETS
THE SWIFTLETS OF SOUTH EAST ASIA DO NOT HUNT FOR NESTING MATERIAL AT ALL. THEY USE THEIR OWN STICKY SALIVA TO WEAVE A NEAT CRADLE. THE NESTS ARE THEN FIXED ON TO A WALL.

KINGFISHERS
KINGFISHERS DIG THEIR NESTS IN THE MUD BANKS ALONG LAKES AND RIVERS. THEY LOOSEN THE MUD TO FORM A LEDGE. PERCHED ON THE LEDGE, THEY DIG RAPIDLY TO FORM A TUNNEL, ½M. – 1 M. DEEP. THEIR EGGS ARE LAID ON THE FLOOR OF THIS TUNNEL.

HUMMING BIRDS
PERCHED ON THIS TWIG IS THE RUBY THROATED HUMMING BIRD'S NEST— A DELICATE LITTLE CUP MADE OF MOSS AND SPIDERS' WEBS. IN THIS NEST, NO BIGGER THAN HALF A WALNUT. THE HUMMING BIRD LAYS TWO PEA-SIZED EGGS.

BRUSH TURKEY
THE BRUSH TURKEYS OF AUSTRALIA BUILD THEIR NESTS BY KICKING TWIGS AND LEAVES INTO A MOUND. THE FEMALE LAYS HER EGGS IN THE MOUND AND LEAVES THE MALE TO FUSS OVER THE NEST. THE MALE POKES HIS BILL INTO THE MOUND TO TEST THE TEMPERATURE, FOR IT IS THE HEAT INSIDE THE NEST THAT HATCHES THE EGGS.

OVEN BIRDS
THE OVEN BIRDS OF SOUTH AMERICA BUILD THEIR NESTS AFTER THE FIRST RAINS. CLUMPS OF WET EARTH ARE ARRANGED TO FORM A POT-SHAPED NEST. THE HOT SUN BAKES THE NEST HARD. SOME NESTS ARE SO LARGE THAT A MAN CAN STAND UPRIGHT WITHIN THEM!

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